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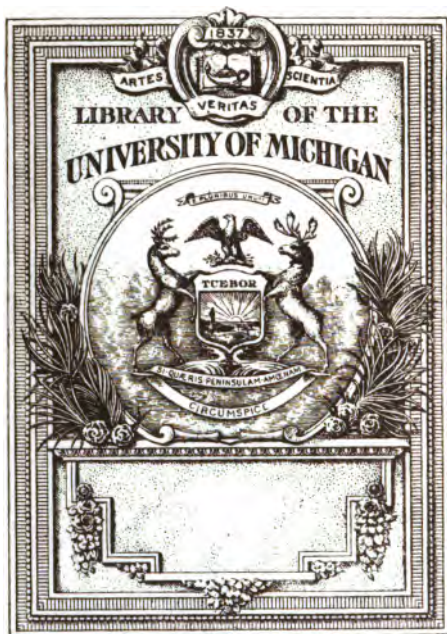
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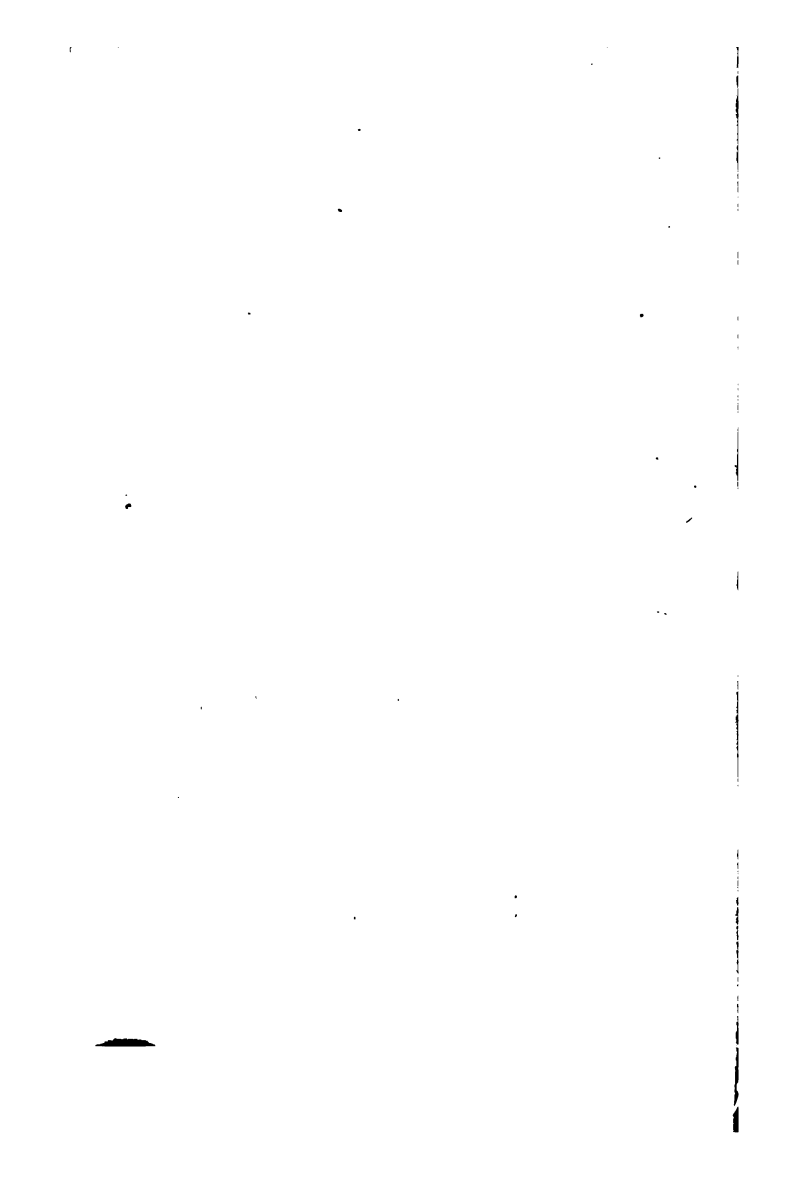
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THE BUSINESS GIRL

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EVERY PART OF HER LIFE

RUTH ASHMORE.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE LADIES'
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**LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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**THE
BUSINESS GIRL
IN
EVERY PHASE OF HER LIFE**

BY
RUTH ASHMORE
OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE LADIES'
HOME JOURNAL

**PHILADELPHIA
CURTIS PUBLISHING
COMPANY**

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DOUBLEDAY &
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TO THE BUSINESS GIRL.

I dedicate this little book to the business girl because she is one of my best friends as well as the girl whom I honor and respect. She is invariably unselfish, sharing her earnings with some one less able to struggle with the workaday world than she is. Her mistakes are rather the result of thoughtlessness than of a desire for wrong-doing. I wish for her the greatest happiness that can come to a woman — a loving husband; a happy home, and a group of affectionate children.

R. A.



A PREFATORY WORD TO MY GIRLS



Few prefaces are continuations of a dedication. But in making my wish for the business girl, I do not mean to neglect the girl who, for some reason best known to herself, does not marry; that girl who never meets her ideal, or, meeting him, feels that, notwithstanding his love, she cannot burden him with her responsibilities. The old mother, the invalid sister, or the brother who never finds success in life, may unconsciously make a married life an unmated one. So to the girl who does not marry I say, "There is, after all, hard as duty may seem, an absolute pleasure in succeeding in doing it. There may come

to you some lonely hours, but they are not hours filled with regret or made sad by the remembrance of duties unfulfilled. Cheer up, my busy girl, and believe with me that for every duty done, for every pleasure given here, there will be in the hereafter pleasures and rewards indescribable. Make hope and honesty the watchwords of your life, and that life will be like a perfect flower-garden, generous with its rich colors and sweet perfume to the one who is only a passerby."

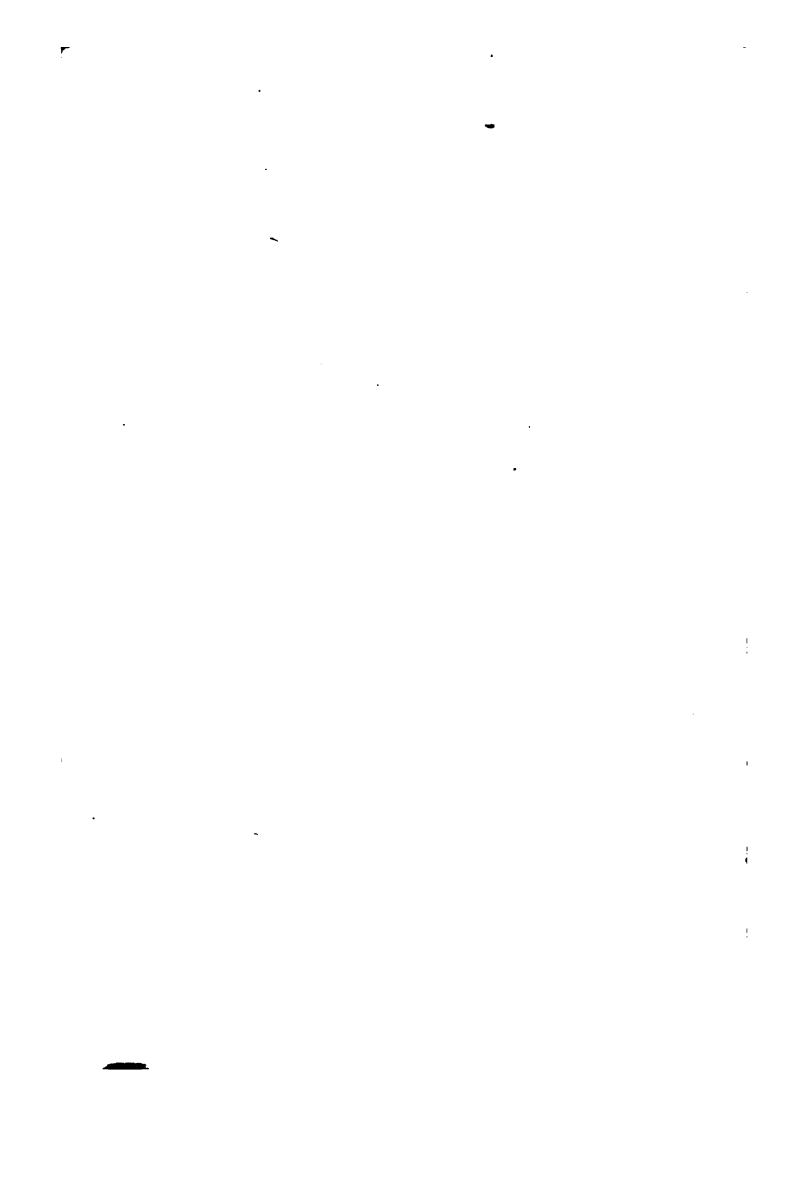
Very cordially, your friend,

RUTH ASHMORE.

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WHAT HONESTY IN BUSINESS MEANS

THE girl who must, perforce, earn her living is my dearest friend, for whom I hope much and fear more. All day long she is kept busy. It may be that her fingers are playing on the keys of the typewriter; that her pen is keeping up a debit and credit page; that she is selling beautiful materials, or doing one of any of the thousand things that are the business of the girl out in the workaday world. She wrote to me not long ago and said, "It is very easy for you to tell us what to do; you don't have to get up early in the morning, hurry through your breakfast, stay in an office all day long and be too dead tired when evening comes to enjoy yourself." Now, my dear girl, I have had every bit of that to do, and because I know

what it all is I want you to make your life not only as good as possible but as easy as possible. And when I say easy I mean easy in the right way. You are not the only woman who has to work — no matter how hard your work may seem there is always somebody else whose work is harder and whose life is sadder. Therefore, take up your burden with a smile, and you will be surprised to find how much easier it is to carry. Arm yourself with hope, and then if to-day seems one of trouble you can think about to-morrow and hope that it will be pleasanter, and so, thinking on your mercies, the sun will eventually set on the very longest day and it will come to an end. A sermon? Just a bit of a one, because you do make mistakes and you should rectify them. You can do this, because though a mistake is possible, no matter how careful one may be, still a mistake need not be repeated.

TEXT OF THE SERMON

If there is one it should be that your word is as good as your bond. Consequently you

are going to be an honest worker. You shrug your shoulders and look disdainful. and wonder who it was that ever dared call you dishonest. Well, I do. This morning you were due at your desk at eight o'clock; you got there at a quarter past, and it took you another quarter of an hour to get your wraps off and to get settled at your work. Stolen by one busy woman — one-half hour of her employer's time. Now, my friend, I have been through it all, and I know it is just as easy to get up at half-past six as it is at a quarter of seven, and then it is much more to your credit to be known as a worker who is always punctual.

That was a mean thing you said, — that at your office they don't deduct if you are a little late. We were not talking about that, we were talking about honesty, and I am putting it in plain language because pure, unadulterated Saxon is good for us all once in awhile, and you are a thief. That is the long and short of it. Then, after you have been working a little while, the telephone bell rings. You are doing some important

work; you stop right in the midst of it because the boy tells you that you are called. A friend of yours in another office has rung you up to hear whether you are going out to-night and to ask if you have a pattern of that bodice that you wore last Friday afternoon. It is bad, very bad. Now if you wish to be honest make up your mind that, during business hours, you will have no personal conversations over the telephone, and also decide that your personal letters shall be addressed to your home, while you make it a point to tell your friends that you decline all visits, that is, all social visits, at the office. That place is n't hired for social purposes, nor are you employed there to wile away the few idle moments that come, either with a yellow-covered book or with crochet.

By the by, beware of drifting into a morning gossip with your employer. When you go to him for orders or to submit some work, say all that is necessary, but no more. It may interest him to know that Tom, Dick, or Harry in the outer office has a sweetheart, but it is not your business to tell him this

bit of news. He may listen to your account of how Miss Black shirks her work or gets some of the men to help her; but though Miss Black may not gain his good opinion, neither will you. In an extensive experience I have never known the tale-bearer in an office to be thought of except contemptuously, even by the people who listened to her and whose favor she has tried to win.

ABOUT YOURSELF PERSONALLY

What care do you take? It ought to be good if you wish to be honest. You owe it to your employer that, as far as possible, you should be in condition to work when you are at the office. Now, if you danced in an over-heated room until four o'clock in the morning, do you think you will be able to work with a clear head at eight? The figures will be dancing before you, your head will be aching until you feel as if it would split, and in your heart you will be envying every girl who does not have to work as you do, and never once will you dream of confessing that you took your pleasure improperly. My dear girl, to do

your work honestly you must arrange your pleasures so that they will at least end before twelve o'clock. You tell one of the other clerks very confidentially that your nerves are all broken to pieces, and you start with fright if anybody speaks to you suddenly. And the cause? Well, it is not often overwork.

Sometimes it is an improper way of living; sometimes it is an improper way of dressing; sometimes an improper way of eating; and very often it is a combination of all three. The young man who sat opposite you at the breakfast-table ate some sort of grain, a chop, an egg, some potatoes, and a cup of coffee, while you played with a piece of toast and grumbled because the tea was n't stronger. Physically, you have commenced your day wrong. The brain and the stomach work in harmony, and one rebels when the other is n't properly cared for. At noon you have an hour. You rush out, eat a luncheon composed mainly of sweet things, and go back to the office and spend the rest of your hour either in reading or fancy-work.

Now, even if you can't have more than a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk, the food should be nourishing, and you ought to stay out in the fresh air for the remainder of your time, even if you only amuse yourself by looking in the shop windows. For that time should be a rest to you and a change, consequently you should be where the air is different and where your eyes will look upon different sights than those before you in the office. About your clothes. A silk gown is very charming. It is feminine, it is becoming, and every woman likes to have one, but after the silk gown is gotten and the dress-maker's bill is paid, how about your flannel underwear? Would the rheumatism be quite so bad, or would that pain in your shoulder come quite so often, if you were properly dressed? And would n't the wool gown be just as becoming, and would n't you be a great deal more comfortable, if you wore it and the proper underwear instead of the silk frock and poor, thin and miserable undergarments? I sympathize with you in your desire to look pretty,

but you can look quite as pretty and be a great deal more comfortable in a less expensive gown.

THE DANGEROUS LAND

I mean that one of Bohemia which seems to you so attractive. In reality it is a country of which you should not become a citizen. No matter whether your friends call you a prude or not, do not permit the social side of your life to degenerate into a free and easy condition where no respect is shown to you as a woman. In Bohemia there may be some laughter, but be sure there are many tears. In that land you would probably spend all your wages in one day of festivity, and be a beggar, or worse still, a borrower for the rest of the week. In that land a woman buys one fine frock, too fine for her position in life, and during the working hours she looks untidy and always suggestive, by her shabby finery, of a gay girl rather than a well-bred woman, which is what the busy girl should aim to be. In Bohemia it is claimed there is a jolly good-fellowship, and

nothing else, between men and women. You don't want to be a jolly good fellow. You want to be a woman who is respected, not only because of her sex but because of herself, and the free and easy life in which a man offers a woman a cigarette, and she volunteers to get for him something that he counts more cheerful than a cup of tea, is one which my busy girl does not want to live. If for no other reason this would be one. In Bohemia all women must be young and beautiful, and you are not going to be that forever. So make for yourself a social world that will be enjoyable, that will be pleasant, but where you will be liked when youth and beauty have gone, because of the good that is in you mentally and spiritually.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE

It is possible that you are the one woman in an office where there are many men, and you wonder a little as to the position you should occupy toward these men. I will tell you what I think is best. Be cordial, be pleasant, never forget the morning and the evening salutation, and never forget

that little phrase, "Thank you," in recognition of any courtesy, but — this may seem hard to you, but time will prove it is wisest — let your business and your social life be separate. If you meet your fellow-employees on the street, or in a public place, bow pleasantly, but let that be all. And if — I must say this because so many girls have asked me about it — any of the men in the office speak or act in a way that is too familiar without your having encouraged it, report it at once to your employer, and if he does n't put a stop to it leave the place. Your self-respect demands it, but be sure, my dear girl, before you do this, that you have n't either by a laugh, or in some other way, given a quiet encouragement to these familiarities, — for remember that what you do not discourage you encourage.

THE WHOLE DAY LONG

It must be tiresome to stand behind the counter the whole day long and wait upon women whom you think more fortunate than yourself. But does this excuse your

being indifferent to them? Does this excuse your unwillingness to show the goods you are put there to sell? Of course your behavior explains why you seldom get beyond being the girl behind the counter. In shops where men are employed as salesmen it is a fact that in nine times out of ten the new man starts in to learn all about the stock. Then he is able to tell his customers which is best and which is newest. And Mrs. Millionnaire, who spends many hundred dollars at that one place, says, "I'll wait until that dark young man is disengaged; I prefer to have him attend to me." This is reported to the superintendent, and in time the dark young man is promoted, and his promotions go on and on and on until he occupies a position of importance, and all because he was willing to take a little trouble. Why don't you do this? How many special customers have you? I deal at one store where, when I wish either a yard of ribbon or a bolt of it, I invariably wait for one young girl. She has taken the trouble to understand her business, and within two years she has been promoted

twice, and now she is hoping to be made the ribbon buyer. But in my entire acquaintance among girls behind the counter I regret to say that she is the only one I know who has thought it worth while to look into the future.

You say you expect to get married. That is right, and I hope you will, but you will be just so much more desirable as a wife if you are good as a worker. And a thoughtless, flippant employee is going to make a very bad mistress for a house. I respect the working-girl very much, because in nine cases out of ten she is not working only for herself. There is nothing finer than a noble woman, and the girl who is giving a helping hand to those whose years are many, whose working days are almost over, deserves not only your and my approbation, but she also deserves to be told of her small mistakes, for they are small, so that she may be a better woman every day of her life.

No matter how long it may be, the end of the sermon always comes; but I would like you to take to heart what I have said,

and believe that it comes from me to you as from one who loves to those who are loved. Take a sponge and wipe off the slate of your life the small and the mean mistakes. (Wipe off the petty pride that makes you think that because you work for your living the world looks down upon you. It does n't. It respects you, and it is proud of you as long as you do your work well and honestly, and it is only ashamed of you when you shirk it or seem ashamed of it.)

Sponge out that other mean pride that won't let you confess your ignorance or say that you have done wrong. There is something fine in a woman who can apologize. She stands, mentally, head and shoulders above her who does wrong and trusts that time will make the wrong forgotten. She who confesses the wrong and makes the apology, no matter how she may suffer, is a queen beside the woman who receives the apology in a grudging, half-hearted way. Take my little sermon in the loving spirit in which it has been given. The preacher means to be kind, and if some of the words seem a little severe it is because she feels

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as a mother would to her many children, and counting these busy girls as her children she reprimands them so that they may be the finer and the better from seeing the wrong, knowing just how mean it is, and choosing to do that which is right. Let your account-book have this upon its last page: Credit Theodora with a strong desire to do right to God and man.

THE GIRL'S RELATIONS WITH HER EMPLOYER

THE girl who, day in and day out, sits in a comfortable office where there are other girls, has her work planned out for her, and is only asked that she do it with great exactness, is, least of all, the girl who requires advice. This girl, though she may sometimes tire of the monotony of her labor, is protected by the girls around her, and to her there do not come — at least not often — such temptations as way-lay another kind of worker.

You know the girl I mean. The girl with a big brain, a heart to match, young in years, of a gay, happy nature, eager to do the most, and who finds her work almost exclusively among men. She is the girl who has cried out to me for a word of advice; she is the girl, who, making one little mistake, follows it up with greater

ones, until she becomes a hard-faced, pessimistic woman, who finds nothing good on earth, and has but little hope of heaven. She is the girl who began wrong, and I want her not only to think over what I say to her, but to stop and consider whether she is acting in a way that will result in the best for her future.

THE GIRL WHOSE WORK IS OF A SPECIAL KIND

Katharine is young and handsome. The need has arisen for her to earn her living; it is possible that she has studied stenography, that she understands bookkeeping, but whether she does or not, a kind friend has obtained a position for her in the office of a well-known business man. Before going to business that first day she wept tears of joy as she bade her mother goodbye, because she was so happy to be of use in the world and so glad to have such a good opportunity. That day Katharine makes her first mistake. She goes to business in a bright and attractive gown, with

her hair elaborately arranged, wearing all the dainty little bits of jewelry that she would assume if she were going out for a shopping trip at eleven o'clock. She certainly makes a pretty picture, but not one suited to the early hours of the morning. Katharine may learn to remedy this mistake; she may realize in time that a dark, simple, well-made and well-fitting frock is what a girl should wear at business, and that jewelry is as much out of place in an office as it is in church. The folly of overdressing, Katharine may learn to overcome, and if she does she will take a long step in the right direction.

THE MISTAKES WHICH SHE MAKES

Her employer meets her pleasantly, her work is explained to her, and, being quick-minded, she realizes that she will be able, without much trouble, to satisfy the people who have employed her. She goes home at night full of enthusiasm about her work, and tells to the listening mother of the happy busy days that she expects to have.

Her working days may be happy. That rests with Katharine. If she is wise she discovers in a short time the desirability of quiet dressing, of a simple coiffure, and of the omission of all jewelry, except the pin at her throat and the watch at her belt. If she is not wise she will make her toilet more and more elaborate, and be pleased to hear that she is known in the office building, that building where there are hundreds of men, as "the stylish-looking girl in Blank's office." One of the clerks tells her of this, and foolish Katharine laughs, looks pleased, and concludes that she is able to buy a much-longed-for article of dress, since, of course, she must keep up her reputation.

Then, when she has five minutes to herself, or in the time before she begins her work, she forgets that she is born of a race of gentlewomen, and she laughs and jests with one of the clerks, or assists in playing a joke on the office boy. After this, has she any right to be offended if the clerk with whom she has been so "chummy" (that's what he calls it) addresses her by her first name?

LEARNING NOT TO TALK ABOUT HERSELF

Or else she may do something equally silly in these odd minutes, — that is, try to impress upon her listeners the fact that her family was once wealthy, and that she never dreamed, when she was a schoolgirl, that she would have to work. Poor Katharine! She forgets that a well-bred woman never talks of such things; by her behavior alone she shows what her breeding has been.

Or she may do something else that is not nice. Katharine, being interested in everything and everybody, comes to business with an aching head and tells of her physical woes. Out in this busy world there is no time for people who are ill. If Katharine cannot do her work she would better stay at home, for down in the office she must not dilate on her pains, nor tell of special home remedies and their certainty to cure. She is hired to work, not to talk.

A man busy in deciding important questions does not want to hear an endless chatter on this order: "I never closed my eyes all night, and when morning came I

did not believe I could raise my head from my pillow, but I determined I would," and so on, until her employer wishes the ache had extended to her lips and forced them to close, for a while at least. No, he is not cruel, but he has not time to listen to the details of his employee's physical weaknesses. Manlike, he is sorry for a woman or a girl who is suffering, but he cannot but wonder whether there is so very much suffering when there is so evident a liking for talking of it. Learn, my dear, to school your inclination to talk, especially about yourself. In the workaday world it is deeds, not words, that tell of our ability.

HER BEHAVIOR WITH HER EMPLOYER

Katharine's work is such that she spends much time alone with her employer. He is a kindly man, eager to make her comfortable. There are days when she is with him for hours, taking down his private correspondence or arranging some work that he must supervise. Being naturally sympathetic, Katharine forgets that she should not speak to her employer as she would to

a man whom she knows socially. And so, one morning when he seems a bit downcast, she ventures to ask if he is worried. He answers her pleasantly, tells her there is no worry that she can remedy and there is nothing wrong about her work. She grows to watch his face each day to see if he is in an agreeable or an unhappy mood. One word of sympathy, spoken by her, is like the electric button that starts many a train down the roadway to destruction. Soon finding that she is eager to have him feel pleased; that she is interested, simply just now, because she is a human being, in his welfare, he answers in a semi-affectionate, semi-paternal tone, "How can any man be happy when his life is like mine?" And tender-hearted Katharine whispers in a very feeling tone, "Oh, I'm so sorry that you're miserable!" That is the beginning.

ERRORS WHICH SHE DRIFTS INTO SO EASILY

As the days go on, instead of dictating his letters to her, or telling her of the work on the books of which she has the care, he tells her of his unhappy life — of an unsym-

pathetic wife, of a woman who, giving him no love, he has grown to dislike. And Katharine, in her ignorance, listens and sympathizes with him. And then there comes a day when, because half the morning has been wasted in talking about these private affairs, Katharine is detained beyond her luncheon hour, and when the work is finished her employer, looking at his watch, says, "Why, Miss Gray, it's way past your luncheon hour; you'd better come out and take a lunch with me." And Katharine, thinking of her luncheon brought from home, now dry and tasteless, concludes that there will be no harm in accepting the invitation. She argues with herself that this man is in the same set socially that she is — indeed, she goes among people with whom his wife would be proud to associate; so why should she decline to go out to luncheon with him?

At night she tells her mother, and the mother, picturing the employer as a kind, elderly gentleman, regards it as another evidence of her girl's ability to work well and make friends, for her employer to be

so considerate of her, and regards his interest as being no more than she deserves.

In a little while the going out to luncheon with her employer becomes nothing uncommon. Soon, after a remark made by Katharine about her liking of flowers, there comes to her many a pretty posy and many a big box of blossoms, always to the office, at which the clerks smile, and, looking at them, the office boy does not hesitate to giggle. And Katharine flushes and tosses her head, and says to herself, "There's no harm in it!" But there is harm in it, my Katharine, there is much harm in it.

A GIRL MUST MAINTAIN HER SELF-RESPECT

No man has a right to tell any woman of any lack, real or fancied, which exists in his married life. And you have no right, you busy working-girl, to attempt to arrange a social position between yourself and your employer. The day comes when both Katharine and her employer realize that they care too much for each other. Then, if Katharine is a brave girl and a good girl, she closes her desk, takes home her little

belongings, says good-by quietly to her employer, and goes home and tells her story to her mother. And both of them, being good women, will thank God that Katharine has discovered her mistake in time, for now, though she will have to start out afresh, yet she will be a stronger girl and a better girl, because, although she has made mistakes, she has realized what they were and what they were leading her into.

THE RIGHT WAY TO BEHAVE

I want you to understand exactly what I mean. I want you to realize that though you may meet your employer socially, still during the hours that you are in the office you are employed by him, and you have no right to claim, and he has no right to ask, any social recognition. You can always be polite; you need not be hard-hearted, and there can be, without harm, an exchange of pleasant words. But during business hours there is wisdom in attending to your business and doing nothing else. Your self-respect should not allow you to be free in your manner with the different clerks who

are your companions, and you should be wise enough not to have a confidant in the office.

Hard? It is not hard. It is easy to do your work to the best of your ability, and then when the working hours are over, to find pleasure in your friends, those friends who will be all the dearer because they have not about them any hint of your workaday world. Your employer can be your friend if necessity arises, but only then.

There are hundreds of working-girls — I know this and I thank God for it — who are industrious, intelligent, and honest, who make good names for all working-women, but once in a while there comes along a poor weak one who stumbles and falls. And, oddly enough, her unhappy example does not seem a warning to many another pretty charming girl who follows in her footsteps.

DO YOUR WORK AND ACCEPT NO FAVORS

No matter who your employer is, you cannot afford to accept luncheons, drives, flowers, or any special social recognition

from him. I do not mean that all men are bad. Again, I thank God there are thousands of good men, but masculine human nature is weak, and when things have gone wrong at home there is an immense satisfaction to the average man in getting a sweet sympathy, which he probably does not deserve, from a pretty, charming girl who believes in him. One girl asked me what she should say when her employer "comes down a little late, is cross, speaks shortly, slams things around, ferrets out mistakes, and exposes them to the whole force, displays very little patience, and keeps the surrounding atmosphere so warm that pretty soon each occupant of the office is affected by his mood." Say nothing. Do your own work quietly and composedly. If you are spoken to, answer simply, telling the truth; but it is not the business of the working-girl to persuade her employer into a good temper. If he is ill-bred enough to vent his own ugliness on innocent people, be sure that he will be more likely to respect you if you work steadily and say nothing than if you try to conciliate him and per-

suade him into amiability. You are hired to work, not to cater to the emotions of your employer, and when you are doing your work faithfully you are doing all that you are paid for.

A FEW LAST WORDS

Perhaps you think I have spoken rather more plainly to you than usual, but, my dear girls, I have done it because I see the need for plain speaking. It is so easy when you are young and pretty, and long for the good things of life, to drift into a flower-covered path that leads — where? Therefore, you must learn, you brave, busy girls, to look at life as it is; to see it truthfully, and to realize where the flower-covered path will lead you and in what it will end. The other path may seem harder to walk on; it may offer few attractions, but if you look closely at it you will find that along the sides there are little blossoms that do not fade quickly, like the more brilliant exotic ones — blossoms that bring happiness into life. There are the blossoms of self-respect, of duty done, of knowledge gained, of honesty, and, best

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of all, there is that never-fading flower of true womanliness. Which path are you going to take? You cannot afford to hesitate. And there is no middle road. Sometimes you may have walked a little way in that path of folly and then turned back. If you have done this, give never-ceasing thanks for your salvation. But think it all out, and, giving it the thought it should have, take the right path at first, the path that ends in love and happiness here and hereafter.

LIFE IN A BOARDING-HOUSE

THE girl was pretty and pleasant, but there came a sad look over her face as she said, "I'm a stranger in the city and a homeless girl — I live in a boarding-house." There was no necessity to tell me anything more. I could see the room and the ascent to it. The first flight of stairs bright with a new carpet that seemed to suggest the original hopeful condition of the climber, the second flight a little shabbier — the carpet had been moved up; the third flight had each step covered loosely with a dingy carpet faded so that all the pattern was gone, with here and there a suggestive darn that hinted, not only at economy, but at disappointment. The carpet had not proved all that it was represented to be. And then the room! A high chest of drawers with a tiny mirror above it — a mirror that would bring out all of the

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angles and none of the curves, and which had an ugly fashion of intensifying unhappiness, and fading out hope. A couple of odd chairs, a tiny washstand, almost hidden under a bowl of one color and a pitcher of another, and then that most uncomfortable of all things, a mantel bed, on which a tired body may sleep, but certainly cannot rest, — these furnish the room of the girl who has come to the city to earn her living.

It is probable that she is busy all the day long, but it is to be hoped that she has still enough faith left to expect to have a home of her own some day, possibly a home with Prince Charming as her companion, or else with some woman, her mother or one of her kindred, who can come to her as her comrade. She has asked me many times if it is immodest for her to long to be a happy wife and the mistress of a home, and I answer her emphatically, "It is not wrong as long as you do not let this thought so fill your mind that your every-day work is neglected. Keep this hope for the quiet hours when you are by yourself. But remember that you also have a duty in this abiding-place

Life in a Boarding-House 31

which you do not call a home, but which you are inclined to term, contemptuously, a boarding-house."

THE FIRST DUTY OF ALL

Is that you, yourself, should be as comfortable as possible. Adapt yourself to your surroundings as you fit your hand to a new glove, which, to be satisfactory, must be easy. To have a warm room, economize if necessary, even if you have to give up the few sweets and the occasional glass of soda water. Too often a cold room means a hurried bath, hasty dressing, an unsatisfactory breakfast, and a late arrival at your place of business — a something which the busy girl wants to avoid. Then have a few of your own comforts: the soft pillow, which is too often unknown in a hall bedroom; the light comfortable brought from home; some of the large towels that are so pleasant to use, and which the average landlady seems to find undesirable, and then learn to care for your possessions. Your tiny room will be more homelike if it is neat; you will be less apt to lose the few

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comforts you possess if you take the trouble to lock up those that are valuable. Be polite, but not too effusive, with those whose duty it is to wait upon you, and remember that no people so quickly recognize good breeding and consideration as those inmates of the house upon whom much of our comfort in life depends. Try and eat your breakfast each morning — you need to be well equipped for your day's work.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

You come back to your abiding-place — tired, perhaps more than tired, as the result of a struggle to get into and stand in a crowded car, filled with dripping umbrellas and not over-polite people. The top of the steps is reached at last, you sit down to rest for a minute and then think of what you would do if you were at home. Reading your mind I advise you to do here as you would there. Throw aside the gown that you have worn during the working hours, freshen your face, brush and arrange your hair, and slip into the easy and more becoming little frock that makes you feel

like a different woman since it suggests a change of surroundings. Then, when the dinner-bell rings, go down with the determination to make the best of everything. Do not permit yourself to drift into the vulgar habit of finding fault with your food. You are probably getting all that you are paying for, and if you are not you have the delightful privilege of leaving that which is unpleasant.

THE SMALL SWEET COURTESIES

Even if this is your first appearance at the public table, find a pleasant "good-evening" for your neighbors. It is possible that a gruff man may not answer you, but persist in that greeting, for, just as certain as that you are you, your politeness will have its effect upon him. Remember that the world should be better because you live in it. There are duties in life, as well as pleasures, and you have no right to shirk these duties because your home, for the present, differs from that which you would call a real home. Do not throw your dinner down your throat as if it were

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so much coal pitched in the furnace, but, out of respect to yourself, observe the table etiquette that obtains among well-bred people. It is possible that the man opposite you may wield his knife and fork in an awkward way, or that the old lady at the end of the table may be a bit greedy in her desire to get an extra plate of pudding, or a specially fine pear. What other people do must not influence you, unless it should be for good, but what you do will, unconsciously, have its effect upon other people. Do not hurry, and if you can, without seeming eager, chat pleasantly with your nearest neighbor about the many impersonal subjects which rise up in a great city.

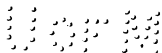
Be CHEERFUL AND PLEASANT WITH ALL

Be confidential with no one. Do not allow yourself to become the victim of the idle young matron who has not your need for work, who has a great love for gossip, and who is only too willing to tell you an unpleasant story about your landlady, to hint at the various people who owe her

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money, and who joys in seeing you shudder as she hints at some awful story which she supposes is true, and which makes you think less of some one who had seemed agreeable. I do not advise you in the evening to seek the solitude of your gloomy little room, but I would suggest that you be careful, even in your choice of acquaintances. A lively game, some pleasant music, or an interesting chat may be possible, even in a boarding-house parlor, provided the game is not allowed to become too entrancing, the music to continue too late, or the agreeable talk to degenerate into gossip.

Do not permit yourself to discuss whether the pale young man at the end of the table pays four or five dollars a week, whether the landlady's rent is properly attended to, or whether, in dividing the most palatable dish, she gives larger portions to some people than to others. She would be more than an angel if she did not find pleasure in showing some courtesies to those who are considerate of her. It might be wise for you to think that the



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average boarding-house keeper is trying to do her best; that the chances are that she once made a home only for those who were bound to her by ties of love or kindred, and that now it is stern necessity that forces her to make a home for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and that she deserves sympathy, rather than harsh criticism. Put your mother in her place, and try to decide whether she would do better or worse.

You are right in wishing to be popular in the house, but do not imagine that to be told every bit of disagreeable gossip, and to be kept informed of all the unpleasant happenings, constitutes popularity. Let the idea be established that you will not listen to anything that is malicious, and that no one can take the liberty of discussing another woman's weaknesses with you. Do not be afraid to speak the truth at all times, and be less afraid to silence what you know is, at least, partly untrue. Benjamin Franklin realized all that was meant by the wrong of keeping still when he said, "As we must account for every idle word, so must we for



every idle silence." Silence, which gives consent, suggests that you agree with the speaker.

THE PLACE TO RECEIVE YOUR VISITORS

I know it is not agreeable to introduce into the public parlor the friend who comes to spend an hour with you, but unless this friend is a girl the parlor, with its lack of privacy, must be your reception-room. Once you introduce a man friend into your own room, even though it is apparently furnished as a sitting-room, a Bohemian atmosphere envelops you, and your visitor, probably unconsciously, will grow careless in his behavior. Environment means much to the girl in the city: she cannot be too careful of herself while away from the restraining influence of her parents.

AMONG THE PEOPLE YOU MEET

There are usually some who attract; many whom you care but little for, and a few to whom you extend the honor of a dislike. Discourage that feeling. Probably it has not the depth of hatred, but dislike is an

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ugly little weed, and one that should not be allowed to grow in the garden of life. You may heartily dislike that which is disagreeable in your neighbor, but try to overcome a mere personal dislike and see if there is not a virtue that is worth your consideration, and which, when found, will be so much greater than the fault that you will forget your original discovery. Sometimes there is a man or a woman who is awkward, unpleasant to look upon, greedy, and ill-tempered. In a boarding-house this person is apt to become the jest of all the others and the butt of the table. How do you know what it was that made this man or this woman so unpleasant? Can you imagine what the circumstances were that soured sweetness and made darkness where there should be light? And how do you know what you would have been if your life had been a duplicate of your neighbor's? As an agreeable girl constitute yourself the champion of the weak, and rise above the vulgarity that makes a fellow-creature miserable by half-hushed laughs, whispered criticisms, and entire lack of kindliness.

— M. M. U.

Twenty years from now you may be the spinster who has found life very hard, who has discovered little joy in it, and who is forced to be the shabby and the neglected one.

You are apt to meet the woman who tells you many marvellous stories of past grandeur, and who finds nothing satisfactory in the present; beware of her. Women who have had all the good things of life, especially those women who are well-bred, do not, in their days of misfortune, dilate to a stranger of those days when good fortune was to the fore. You may always suspect the truth of the woman who is inclined to boast of good things that have passed.

AVOID THE FAULT-FINDING WOMAN

She is the one who, while she criticises her breakfast, eats heartily of it. She complains of the attention paid her bedroom; objects to the style in which dinner is served; is disgusted with the general appearance of the house; and yet she is more than confidential with the landlady. Of such a woman it may be concluded that

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she is a tale-bearer, and hence, unless you wish to be mixed up in numerous petty quarrels, you will avoid her. Think how pitiful it is to see women like this — women who are making life a frivolous game and the world a playground. By this I do not mean that you must have no pleasures, for it is quite as sad to see your abiding-place regarded as a jail, and to think of the world of girls behaving like convicts on the treadmill, indulging never in a smile or a jest. Take your pleasures gladly, but be sure that they are good, innocent pleasures that will not leave a bitter taste of regret.

MAKING A BOARDING-HOUSE SEEM LIKE HOME

It would seem as if this sermon, when summed up, meant that even in a boarding-house the homeless girl may live such a sunshiny life that she will cease to be homeless, for she makes other people glad. I hope most sincerely that the home that she longs for, and that the home over which she will be the mistress, will come to her. But, if it should not, let her live so fair a life,

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so sweet a life, that the outside world will never realize what she has missed, that as the years pass she will be not the querulous spinster, who is dreaded and made a jest of, but the woman who, having ceased to be a girl in years, is still a girl at heart, and can realize all that a girl longs for, while sympathizing with her in all that she misses. Such a woman can mean much to a young girl. She can keep her, in a gentle, loving way, from making many mistakes. She can, in a quiet, womanly fashion, protect her when she first leaves her own home and becomes one of the many in somebody's else house.

I hope that to every dear girl of mine there will be a brighter future than an old age in a boarding-house, but even that has its bright side. Every woman can make goodness so attractive that young girls will be eager to imitate her, and they will find in her companionship a never-ceasing pleasure. There are great talents given to some, but the talent to be desired may be cultivated by every girl. It is that talent which enables you to make more pleasant

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your surroundings; to make everybody eager to meet you and sorry to leave you; to enable you to give courage to the timid girl; to quiet unpleasant words, and to encourage agreeable conversation. What talent is this? It is composed, I think, of faith, hope, and charity, with love thrown in to leaven it, and patience added to increase it. Once you possess it, not only will your life be a sunshiny one, but you will cease to be a homeless girl, and become the girl who makes a home wherever she is.

HAVING A FAMILIAR FRIEND

I AGREE with you that it is pleasant to have a familiar friend — one who is near to the heart, and always close at hand. And yet, I think there is danger in the close companion. Undoubtedly there is great comfort in telling to another woman all the worries of your life, but if you happen to be a sensitive woman you exaggerate the worries, and your story, when told to a close friend, makes you a martyr, and every one who has offended you, either by word or deed, a sinner of the deepest dye. So while there is pleasure there is danger in the close companion. You have a certain morbid delight, too often, in telling her of your home life, and in this life you appear the only one worth considering, while you picture everybody else as being intellectually weaker, and lacking in consideration toward you. Now, will you take a little advice from me?

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KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL

You can never be too careful in the confidences which you make about your home life to your familiar friend. You may love her, she may love you, but after all there is no tie so strong as that of blood, and the day will come when you will regret having underrated any one of your own kin. I like a girl to have a girl friend, and I think it good for her to share her pleasures, her interests in books or pictures, even her opinion of a bonnet with this friend, but I would advise her to forget the unpleasant happenings in her own home, and not even to whisper them to her close companion, who, while she may love her, may not be able to control her tongue, and so the stories will be repeated — these stories about family life — and some day they will come back dressed so that you will scarcely recognize them. Enjoy your friend, but have it understood between you that home affairs are not to be discussed, and that each of you is to try to get the better of the somewhat morbid sensitiveness which

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is too often part of the character of the American girl. She is apt to think that nobody at home appreciates her, and she is only too apt to repeat this opinion until the world at large believes that she is treated in the most unkind manner. Very often in home life no hurt is meant, but it is only that where there are so many the peculiarities of one are apt to be overlooked. Make up your mind in the very beginning of your friendship that, even to your dearest friend, nothing except that which is pleasant shall be said about the home or its inmates.

THE EVERY-DAY LIFE

Having the close companion for whom you care, remember, if you wish to keep her, that it is the little things and not the great actions in life that count. You are certain that you would die for your friend. In these matter-of-fact days our friends want us, not to die, but to live for them, and to live in a pleasant manner. So give to her the small pleasures of every-day life; you count them small, but they are

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great, for it is these small things that make life worth living at all. Don't wait until your friend is dead to speak of your love of her; take the alabaster box in which is hidden all joy and sweetness, and give her of its treasures while she is still with you, instead of keeping them sealed up until she is dead, and offering them as a tribute to her memory. Give her flowers every day, flowers in the form of pleasant words, of kindly deeds and of loving thoughts, and do not keep the flowers to cover her cold body with. Any stranger can send in a wreath of roses when one is dead, but it is the close companion only who can give the wreath formed of the flowers of thoughtfulness, of kindness, and of consideration every day in the year.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidence is too apt to be greeted with a curious satisfaction, and even from a friend this gratification makes one feel as

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if one's bruises had been touched with vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes, the best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned, being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when everything should be said. There is very often a silence between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that silence.

FRIENDSHIP'S PRACTICAL SIDE

Between you and your close companion never let a question of money arise if you wish your friendship to live. If a little, no matter how little, is borrowed, return it as quickly as possible, and make every effort to avoid borrowing at all. Ask consideration, ask mental help, but do everything that is possible, economize in every way that you can, before asking money from your friend. I do not know what it is, whether friendship is so delicate, or whether

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it collides with practicality, but if you ask your friend for money you will discover that something has gone. The money itself may have been given, and given willingly, but the joy is not just as it was, and the dew seems gone from the rose.

Then, too, respect your friend's religious belief if it differs from yours. Your knowledge is not so great that you can say that you are right, and if your friend is good and sweet, and kind and sympathetic, why should you care what her belief is as to her future? Even if she should go from you you need not ask under what flag she died. It is only necessary for you to know how she lived to be sure that life everlasting will come to her. Never be the one to say the first disagreeable word. It is true that it takes a second to make a quarrel, but that first word of complaint is the little rift within the lute that eventually makes all the music still. Consider the weaknesses of your friend. Remember her life story as you know it, her surroundings and the story of her soul as you read it, and be sympathetic and bear patiently with her as only

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a real friend can. Always credit her with doing the best that she can, and if you do not quite understand something, some action or some word, give her the benefit of the doubt, and think that in the beginning she started with the intention of doing something kindly to you. Constant consideration is the secret of friendship. This sounds as if it were wearing. But it only means that to believe constantly that which is good of your close companion makes perfect companionship a possibility.

THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE

A new friend is like a new book. One looks at the pages, one reads the preface, and then one stops and thinks, "Is it worth while?" Is the new book worth the close reading, or is it by some good chance such a book as one puts on the little shelf in one's private room where are kept those books that one lives with, and those treasures that mean nothing to the outside world, but that tell much to the woman who is tender of heart and sympathetic by nature? I would

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like my girls to look out for one danger in choosing a friend. You are young, impressionable, loving, and sympathetic; you meet a woman much older than yourself who seems to you the most charming and the most intelligent, and so altogether delightful that you are proud of being recognized by her. Too often this type of woman is tired of everything and everybody. You are the new book to her. She is a book upon whose pages many names have been written, and one day when you are most admiring and most loving you hear from her that she has turned the page, that page in her book of life which bears your name. Cruel? Of course it is cruel. Be wise and choose your close companion from the girls who are near your own age, who can sympathize with your every-day life and be joyful with you in your every-day pleasures. Again, I want to say to you, remember that there are some things that it is never wise to tell even to one's own familiar friend: the mistake of the brother, the trouble in another branch of the family that the world might count a scandal, or the

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great grief that has come to a mother. These belong exclusively to the family, and no matter how near or how dear the friend may be, they must not be told even to her. And being a good friend she will not ask.

Be a merry friend. Do not carry to your close companion only the woes and worries of your life, but ask her to share with you every pleasure. When two girls enjoy a story, a jest, an amusement, or a pretty gown, or a dainty ribbon, there is a pleasantness that cannot be described. One has to have enjoyed with a friend to understand the absolute pleasure, and the perfect innocence of the pleasure. Every pleasure you share should be an innocent one. My dear girl, you are too good, I am sure, to say to your close companion anything that is not perfectly chaste, but there is wickedness everywhere. The very minute, a girl attempts to tell you something you would not care to repeat to your mother, leave her. Permit nothing to be told you, nothing to be said in your presence that you would blush to have your mother hear.

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LIFE'S DAILY NEED

My dear girl, you cannot be a good friend, you cannot love well and sincerely, unless you live a good life. And by living a good life I mean that you must make your religion an every-day one; that your religion is not the sort which is thrown aside for six days and assumed on the seventh, but it is one which is living and controls you on every one of the days of the week. Too many young girls throw off their religion when they most need it, like some foolish child casting aside his shoes when he is going to walk over thistles.

One's religion is worth little unless it is for all time. Bring it into your friendship, not by foolish discussions but by a beautiful life. Make your life with your friend so rich in all that is loving, kindly, and womanly that if she has not chosen a path by which to reach God's kingdom yours will suggest itself to her, and then, in faith as well as in friendship, you two will be united. But if your friend has selected the path by which she will walk in faith, re-

spect her choice. Liberty of belief must be allowed if a friendship is to last, and, after all, how do you know whether she is right or you?

To the young girl the story of the life and the precepts of Christ should most appeal, for it was to a young girl that He showed His great power. Do you remember when He was asked to come to the house of one of the chief officers of the synagogue whose daughter lay dead? When He reached the father Christ preached to him the beautiful religion of hope, saying, "Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole." And making His way through the throng of curious lookers-on, of hired mourners, he touched her gently, and said, as we translate it, "Maid, arise." "And her spirit came again and she rose straightway; and He commanded to give her meat."

Is it not possible for you to call back to every-day life, to the willingness to bear every-day burdens, that close companion who shows an inclination to fall by the wayside? To call her back by the love name and the religion of hope? By urging

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on, day in and day out, that the brightness is sure to come, and therefore that it is worth while to do one's best, and to believe that what one wishes for with intensity, if it be good for one, will surely come? So often you and your close companion lead a religious life that is largely morbid. You count yourselves as the only ones who suffer, and you believe that no people are treated by the rest of the world as you are. Cast that depressing, dark faith aside. Call it what you will, but take the religion of hope, and see how good it is to live by and to die by. In friendship, as in religion, there can be no old story. Everything must be new from day to day, and if the weakness of yesterday is the weakness of to-day it must receive to-day, as it did yesterday, a living sympathy, else your friendship is as nothing to your close companion. Hope means so much. And it means so much more when it leads us to make the best of each other. You have your weak points, so have I. But if one's close companion cannot forgive this, and then ask for sympathy when her weakness

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is most conspicuous, what would life be? To keep on making the best of one another, to keep on forgiving one another, and to keep on loving one another is the only way to make life worth while, and to prove to the rest of the world that the story of the redemption of the world by the love of Christ Jesus was a true one.

It would seem as if the end, which is usually the summing up, should be, "Have a friend, but guard your friendship and your friend as you would a crystal vase." Once the crystal vase is broken, all the careful mending in the world can never make it as it was, and once there has come in your friendship the words that jarred, the actions that were unkind, and the looks that seem to cut like a knife, the friendship, like the beautiful vase, can never be as it was. And what is a girl without a girl friend? She stands alone. Men think that she must differ from other women, and that there must be something about her less sweet and less feminine than that which prevades her sisters. I am a believer in the girl friend. Any girl can, with very

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little trouble, gain the admiration of a man, but it takes something finer, something better, and something more charming to attract a woman, and to make and keep her a friend. In all the history of the world there is nothing so fine as the friendship of women ; whether it be given to men, or whether it be given to women, it stands out magnificent, unselfish, sympathetic, and Christlike — when it is the right kind of friendship. And you will not choose the wrong ? You will remember that to Him who was without sin, the joy, the beauty and the sympathy of friendship was known, and that it was a woman who was a friend, who stood by Mary watching, until the tragedy of the cross had ended, and waiting until the glory of the resurrection had begun.

PROPER CARE OF HER WARDROBE

I HAVE always maintained that it was the duty of every girl to look her best. She may look her best in a dainty cotton gown, which cost but little, and which was made by her own deft fingers ; indeed, she may look elegant in this dress, simple as it is, provided it is becoming, adapted to the hour and place, and, most important of all, absolutely neat. Perfect neatness is the keynote to a good appearance. Therefore the girl who wishes to look well — and that is just as much her duty as that she should do right — must study how to keep her wardrobe in good condition, so that each garment may be ready for wear when it is needed. Untidyness should be an unknown quantity. I have little faith in an untidy girl. She who goes without buttons on her shoes, wearing a torn skirt, a dusty hat,

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and soiled gloves, can never possess real stability of character. The learning how to care for one's belongings is almost as necessary as the learning how to live a good life.

THE POOR GIRL IS APT TO BE EXTRA- GANT

It is a truth, and a sad one, that the girl with the least money is apt to be the most extravagant. The very wealthy girl may not have to care for her own wardrobe, yet each piece belonging to it is made to do full service, and in many instances, if she has a wise mother, the girl herself must superintend the work of the maid. It is said of the daughters of Queen Victoria that each one of them was taught, not only to sew well, but to mend and darn with great neatness, and to make over those gowns which were counted worth it. The girl whose wardrobe is not large makes her first mistake in buying cheap material of a color that is the fancy of the moment. Instead, when only one new gown may be had during the season, it should be of a fabric

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that will stand wear, that will endure making over, and of a color of which neither the wearer nor the looker-on will soon grow weary. It is an extravagance to have a gown made in the extreme of the fashion, for the extreme soon goes out, and then you have a failure on your hands.

HOW ONE WISE GIRL CARES FOR HER CLOTHES

I am going to take it for granted that you are a girl like a friend of mine, who rejoices in the old-fashioned name of Cynthia. Each season sees her with at least one new gown, and when there is a great event, such as a wedding or a festivity of any kind, Cynthia has either a new evening dress, or one which has been worn before is freshened up for the occasion. She is always spoken of as a well-dressed girl. She is not a girl who continually talks of dress, but she understands its value, and she also understands the value of economy. By caring for her belongings she can afford to be generous; she can indulge in many a pleasant lecture, in hearing the

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best music, and keep in touch with all that is interesting.

When Cynthia comes in after having been out on business, or in shopping or visiting, she does not, in her eagerness to rest, throw her bodice on one chair, her skirt on another, her coat and hat on the bed, while her gloves and veil are carelessly tossed in the nearest bureau drawer. Oh, no, that is not Cynthia's way! She gives a look at her skirt to see if it needs a brushing; turns her bodice inside out and hangs it on a frame until it has had time to become thoroughly aired. Her shoes are taken off, her slippers assumed, and then skirt, coat, and whatever needs to be brushed is carried to the room where such work is done.

SOME WAYS WORTH IMITATING

The skirt is shaken thoroughly and then whisked; the coat is brushed with soft or stiff brushes according to the material, while the hat or bonnet is carefully gone over with a regular bonnet-brush. The skirt, thoroughly cleaned, is put on its wire frame and hung in a closet; the bodice is

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folded, stuffed with tissue paper, and laid in its box. Some bodices Cynthia keeps in her trunk, but these are her evening ones and are most carefully put away, for they are not in constant service. Last year Cynthia economized and bought two pairs of trees for her shoes; before that, to keep them in proper condition she used to stuff them well with paper, for she realized how much longer shoes will last when they are not allowed to become shapeless. Her gloves are carefully pulled out and laid in the box, which is redolent with orris or violet, or some sweet-smelling sachet; while her veils are drawn out to their full width, folded over and over, and pinned with a good-sized pin at each end. Time? Of course it takes time, but the result is satisfactory, since Cynthia always appears as a lady should.

HOW SHE CARES FOR HER BELONGINGS

For a rainy day Cynthia has a special serge skirt. It had become worn about the bottom, and she cut it off so that it escapes the ground, and she can walk without get-

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ting wet skirts, and, as a natural sequence, damp feet and a bad cold. She also has a pair of shoes that have long ago been counted as worthless for ordinary wear, but which are admirably adapted for use under rubbers, since rubbers mean destruction to good boots. Her out-of-door shoes are never worn indoors, not only because slippers are more comfortable and look prettier, but because they cost less, and wearing street shoes indoors means that they will soon look shabby.

In the morning Cynthia takes her shoes, those with the patent-leather vamps and cloth tops, and, assuming a pair of loose gloves, gives them a special treatment. With a stiff brush she removes every particle of dust from the cloth, then she puts a little vaseline here and there on the leather, and rubs the vamps and the heels with a bit of an old black stocking until all the vaseline is absorbed and the leather shines brightly. The yellow vaseline jar with its stocking leg wrapped around it is specially dedicated to the shoes, since it is good for tan shoes, low or high, is most

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desirable on patent leather, cleans rubbers well, and softens shoes that have become hard from having been worn in a heavy storm. Cynthia's shoemaker long ago told her never to buy shoes in the morning, because it was only when the afternoon had arrived that the foot had reached its largest proportions, and therefore shoes bought in the morning were very apt to be too small.

CARING FOR HATS AND GLOVES

This girl's hats are carefully brushed, not only when they are taken off, but before they are to be put on, and each one has its own hat-box, on the side of which its name is written, so that four or five boxes are not disturbed and much harm wrought by looking for the black hat in every box but its own. She keeps sharp scissors especially to trim the frayed ends of ribbons, and she has learned very deftly to freshen artificial flowers by pulling, and bending, and straightening them, or to curl limp feathers on a paper-knife. On a celluloid ring hangs the tiny egg of ivory that slips in a glove finger, and the plait of fine

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threads of the different glove colors. A little bag tied to the ring holds glove-buttons of different sizes, and Cynthia keeps close watch on her gloves, and makes them last because she has taught herself the art of glove-mending.

THE ART OF MAKING THINGS NEW

Remember that it is a waste of time to make over old gowns unless the material is worth the doing it well. Cynthia has learned how to rip. She takes a dress that has done good service, and armed with a sharp-pointed pair of scissors she carefully cuts and just as carefully pulls each thread. The trimmings, the buttons, the ribbons, whatever there may be on the gown, are looked over, for Cynthia is too wise to fill her closets with rubbish that will never be of use. But the fine bit of lace if in good condition is carefully laid away in colored tissue paper. The jet or passementerie trimming may need a little mending; after it is given to it, it is laid in a box, first being wrapped in some clean, soft cheese-cloth, and on the box is written a full de-

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scription of its contents. Soiled linings are thrown away, and shabby, torn braids follow them.

If the skirt cannot be utilized for herself Cynthia puts on her thinking cap and decides as to its possibilities. It may make a dress for some child in the family. If it is of rich material and yet worn, it may be utilized by selecting the best parts for chair-seats or sofa-pillows. Perhaps it is to be put away and await the coming of another season. Then Cynthia cleans it thoroughly, so that when it is called for it will be in good condition. She knows very well that naphtha, benzine, and alcohol, those wonderful cleansers, are all explosives and must never be used near a fire nor a light. Consequently she goes into a cold room when using any of these preparations, and she remembers in sponging a material that it is wisest always to use a piece of the same fabric, or at least of the same color.

When she wants to take a grease spot from her black wool dress she does it either with common brown paper or French chalk. The treatment with the paper is very

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simple: she lays it over the spot, and then holds above it, almost touching it, a very hot iron; gradually the grease goes into the paper, and Cynthia must be quick to remove the absorbent before the grease has time to go back. When she uses French chalk she scrapes it on the spot, allows it to remain for a day, and then brushes it off. If the spot is a bad one she repeats the treatment.

SOME THINGS ALL GIRLS SHOULD KNOW

The white satin slippers which Cynthia has have lasted many seasons because she knows how to clean them. After they had had a good deal of wear she treated them by rubbing with a piece of cotton wool dipped in ether, then she brushes them over with a soft beaver brush dipped in pulverized Spanish whiting. This treatment cleaned a white felt hat for her, and she is certain that it would be good for white gloves. But Cynthia is a wise economist, and she sends her gloves to a cleaner, for she knows that there they will be made to look much better than if she tried to clean

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them, while the expense is but a slight one. How, she never knew, but she discovered a grease spot on her pretty velvet coat. She wondered how she should cause it to disappear, and after many inquiries she followed a receipt given her by a French woman, and put a piece of hot toast over the stain, and the grease was quickly absorbed.

Some person complimented Cynthia on always having a stylish-looking umbrella, and she laughed and said that was because she had learned how to treat it well. Her parasols are carefully wrapped up in tissue paper, blue or pink being used for the white ones, and her umbrellas are never kept strapped. For ordinary rainstorms, or for those days when it merely threatens rain, Cynthia has a natty silk umbrella; but for the veritable storm she has an umbrella of gloria, which looks well and which will outwear any silk. When her umbrella is wet she stands it with the handle down, so that the drippings may not rust the framework, and when she is ready to put her umbrella away she care-

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fully wipes the handle, goes over the silk part with a soft dry cloth, and satisfies herself that it is quite dry.

THE DAILY CARE OF HER WARDROBE

Wishing to give your wardrobe proper care you must not forget to look every day at the binding of your skirt, at the buttons on your boots, at your veil and gloves — indeed, you must glance at all that has unceasing wear. A fresh binding will sometimes alter the entire appearance of a girl, making her look neat and dainty, where before the ragged edges of her skirt suggested that she was at once untidy and ignorant. Shabby finery is inexcusable. Chiffon that has become worn and ragged, when it cannot be replaced should be removed and something simpler substituted for it. Tears, worn places, and rips are never seen on a well-bred girl, for from her early youth she has learned how to wield her needle well and mend all her belongings with as much daintiness as she embroiders.

ONE GIRL'S WISE LITTLE ECONOMIES

My friend amuses herself by laughing at her small economies. She has intimated at times, to those who are near and dear to her, what she would best like in the way of gifts, and now it is her pleasant boast that she has collected everything that will assist her in mending and cleaning, as well as all the pretty trays, boxes, and cases to hold her belongings. It is by having a place for everything that she can keep everything in order. Hairpins do not disappear mysteriously, because as each one is taken out it is laid in its pretty tray. Her pearl-headed pins, — those pins that cost eight cents a dozen, — her black-headed pins, and her bonnet-pins, each have their special cushion, and she does not treat her pretty little pieces of jewelry improperly by throwing them carelessly into the top one of her chest of drawers. No, as each brooch is taken off it is laid in its own box; the string of beads is put in its place, the rings in their boxes, — all the little ornaments where they should be, — and then, when she thinks they need

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it, Cynthia gives them a cleaning — a bath in hot water and ammonia, from which they come glittering like the sunshine. A place for everything and everything in its place makes Cynthia's room a pleasant one to visit and a delightful place to look upon.

There are thousands of girls like Cynthia. She is not the daughter of a wealthy man, and she will not marry a millionaire. But she is a pleasant girl, who loves beautiful things, and who realizes their value. That is the secret of her carefulness. Knowing the exact value of everything, she feels that it would be dishonest if she did not give due care to the blessings that come to her. I want you to be like her, not only because it is well for you to be economical and appreciative, but because you can then afford to be generous ; and, best of all, you will always look as you should, and looking well you will find yourself acting in harmony with your appearance. None of us expect much from an untidy, careless girl ; none of us give much love to an untidy, careless girl. She is certain to be a selfish girl ; and is there any failing more disagreeable than

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this ? Carelessness certainly leads to extravagance, and extravagance leads — who can say where ? I do not want my girls to be careless and extravagant and selfish. I want them to be neat in their appearance, careful of their belongings, and considerate of everybody.

HER MONEY AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT

SHE earns it, and she thinks she has a right to do whatever she pleases with it. So she has, in a way. There is an odd little word that, for some unknown reason, impresses most girls unpleasantly, and yet if one lives up to that little word all life will be brighter and better. What is it? Duty. And the girl who earns money owes a duty to herself in regard to it. I know, oh, so well, how it burns a hole in one's pocket. I know, oh, so well, how delightful it is to buy this and that, to give this and that, and to feel that it is one's own money that is being used. You give so much of your life in exchange for this money — shall you count your life-blood as nothing and waste it? Shall you forget your duty to yourself, and as a natural sequence, to everybody else? I do not

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believe you want to do that. I believe that this money, earned so hardly, should be spent so that it brings to you the greatest comfort, and also, as my old mammy used to say, keeps your mind easy. Now, the girl who throws her money around carelessly, who never realizes the difference between use and abuse, who never has the courage to say that she cannot afford any pleasure, is the one whose mind is going to be troubled and whose life will be full of worry.

I know what it means to earn money. I know just how delightful it is to handle that which has been earned honestly, and I know how difficult it is to refrain from spending one's money foolishly. Now, I wonder if you will take a bit of advice from me — you, who are so dear to me. I want you to commence right now and keep an account of the money you spend. Put down that which goes for a pound of candy and that which goes for a bottle of medicine. Do not lump the postage stamps and car-fare, and hairpins and needles, under the head of “trifles,” but put down each exactly, and

then you will be surprised to discover how this penny and that dime, this fifty cents and that dollar, went for nonsense when it might have been saved and used for some good purpose. You toss your head and say you "never could understand figures." That is a foolish excuse for shirking a responsibility. It is your business to understand figures, and to be thoroughly informed, not only as to your income, but your outgo.

WHICH IS IT?

You think, when one of your friends, a worker like yourself, comes to you and asks you to lend her a little money, that you would be a very mean girl not to do as she asks. She has used up her money — probably she does not mention that it went for an expensive hat or for a theatre ticket — and she would be so much obliged if you would let her have enough to pay her laundress. Your purse is out of your pocket in a second, you count out the money and have a delightful sensation of generosity because of your ability to help her. That night your own washing comes home; you

look in your purse and you do not feel very pleasant when you realize that you have to ask the woman to wait until you get your wages, because you have not got quite enough to pay her. Another day the same girl comes up to you and asks you for the loan of her car-fare. Oh, you would not be mean enough to refuse a little thing like that. But you do wish she would pay you back the other money; still, you would not dream of asking her. Now, this is all wrong. And it is not generosity that you are showing to this friend, or at least it is the wrong kind of generosity. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is injustice.

You have just so much money to live on, and you cannot afford to lend it, and the proper thing for you to do when you are asked for money is to say that you cannot afford to either lend or give. You are almost a thief, though you would not like to be called that; but truly you were dishonest when you gave money to your friend that should have been paid to some one who worked for you. I have gone through all this myself. I remember in a period of

five years lending a quarter and ten cents and five cents,¹ and occasionally a dollar, to a girl who never thought of paying me back, and when I learned a little common-sense, and refused it, she spoke of me as "mean" and never thought it worth while to pay back all she had gotten from me. In lending this money I did wrong twice: I encouraged in her the habit of borrowing, and, being too cowardly to say "no," I gave away money that should have been used for something else. Try to be neither a borrower nor a lender.

THE TRUE CHARITY

You are a kind-hearted girl, tender and loving, and when somebody is taken sick, some fellow-worker, you are eager to help, to give your mite toward making the sufferer more comfortable. Out of your little salary every week you put aside a bit of money for the day of illness, — possibly in the fund that has been gotten up in the office or store. Possibly you have put it in one of the dime banks, and while you have been doing this the other girl has not trou-

bled herself as to the future. Though you remember that she was spoken of as so generous because she brought this girl a bunch of flowers, bought another one a book, and gave another one, her most intimate friend, no end of treats, she never looked for the dark days. Now, you are wondering what you ought to do. She is sick and she has not saved any money. They are going to take up a collection for her, and some of the girls, thoughtless as she was, are going to give sums of money which seem to you very large. You think over what your expenses are and how much you can afford, and you put your name down for a dollar and the girls who gave two look at you with scorn and whisper that they did not dream that you were so mean. But you were not mean, you were honest.

Shall you, because of this girl's thoughtlessness, give less money this week to that dear old mother whom you have to help? Shall you, because of this girl's thoughtlessness, get into debt that your name may look large on a subscription list, and that you may be spoken of as generous? Surely not. Give

what you can in money, and then, if possible, give a little of your time to that girl who is suffering, and when she is well and strong again try and teach her to look out for the hard times and be prepared for them. Not long ago a young girl said to me, "I sha'n't be able to help at home any this week, because there were two collections taken up in the office to send flowers to the father of one of the stenographers and the sister of the bookkeeper, who had just died. I could n't refuse; and as women who were making less than I each gave a dollar, I had to give that much too, or else I would have been unpopular."

What do you think I said to her? Just this: "Have the courage to be unpopular. You do not admire these stiff-wired flowers, and even if you did you cannot afford to spend money that is earned and kept for a special duty. If you feel that you would like the one who has suffered by the death of a dear one to know of your sympathy, write a pleasant little note, and with it send a handful of flowers for the living and not for the dead."

WHEN YOU ARE OUT SHOPPING

The time comes when the fresh hat and gown must be gotten. You have been carefully laying by a little money for your clothes, and like a sensible girl you are going to a good store and to buy good stuff. That is economy. Do not stop to look at the faint pinks and blues, or the fabric that is the rage just now and which will be out of fashion in two months, but, instead, select a good standard fabric, have it made tastefully and in a manner suitable for the times when it will be worn. Have a pretty and becoming hat, but avoid a pronounced shape, a number of feathers, or an overwhelming bunch of gay flowers.

Do not spend your money on the last new bit of jewelry in cheap gold. Do not spend your money on anything that is cheap, for it is always what it is called, and that usually means that it is worthless. You are a girl to be honored because you are a worker, but, because you are a worker, you must not put on the garb of the butterfly, which would be out of place and would be

ruined by the first shower. I heard you tell some girl that you bought a pound of candy every Saturday. Why? Certainly it cannot be good for you to eat this much, and certainly you cannot afford to let so much money go for sheer folly. I do want you to have pleasures, many of them, and if you stop spending your money on silly things then you will have it for the pleasures that are worth it. A pound of candy every Saturday costs you not less than eighty cents; there are fifty-two Saturdays in the year, and that little indulgence comes exactly to forty-one dollars and sixty cents. Think what you might have gotten with that which would have been of use and of pleasure: the black silk frock that you have been longing to give your mother; the little watch that you wanted for yourself; or that would have paid for the vacation that you needed so badly and which you felt you could not afford to take.

A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

There are very few of us earning our living who have not some one else to care

for, and that is much to the credit of the American girl. Sometimes it is the people at home; sometimes it is a younger sister who is to be helped with her education, but always a helping hand is needed. You laugh at the idea of making a will, but no matter how little you have, if it is nothing but your gold watch, you ought to attend to its disposition. And if there are people depending upon you, old people, stop the soda-water, stop the candy, and have your life insured. You will not die any the sooner, and you will feel that the old lady you love so dearly will not, when you cease to be here, depend upon the hard charity of strangers. Now, I am taking it for granted that this girl I am speaking to is not an absolutely young girl, and is one who has saved a little money. I beg of her if this is so, not to let that money go into the hands of even those who are nearest and dearest to her with a view of investing it, without getting from them a written security. And I beg of that woman, too, to make herself understand exactly how her money is placed, and whether if

any trouble comes she could be held responsible for more than that which she has put in. Women are usually cautious in their investments, and, thank God! they are generally honest about paying what they owe; but sometimes the desire to get a larger interest proves fascinating, and the money is taken from where it is safe and given over to those who are veritable sharks. No matter how little money you may save, put it in a bank, selecting a well-established and reliable bank in preference to any other, even if the interest is much less. Learn how to take care of your bank-book, and do not sign your checks "Miss Mamie Webster," but write your name "Mary Webster," and so stand in the bank's estimation as a dignified woman and not a foolish girl.

THAT OTHER GIRL

She is fortunate in having people to care for her, and the money that is put in the dainty little purse is a gift and not a wage earned. She does not know how much her dresses cost, — she had them charged and

did not ask; and she would think she was horribly mean if she went out with a girl friend and did not treat her to luncheon and buy her something pretty. The whole crowd, as she calls them, have soda at her expense, and then she bought a bunch of violets for herself and one for her most intimate friend and had two pairs of gloves charged. My dear little butterfly, what kind of a wife are you going to make for a young man whose salary is twenty-five hundred dollars a year? And that is more than the average man of twenty-five gets. Now, I want you to be woman enough to ask your father not to give you candy and soda money, but an allowance, and tell him it is because you want to learn the value of money. He is a business man and he will see the wisdom of it. Then, buy your own dresses, pay for the making of them, learn what they are worth, and learn just how much that you squander is unnecessary. When you have them charged you do not think it worth while to clean gloves, but when you pay out your own money for them you will see the wisdom of this economy.

The girl who knows nothing about the value of her clothes, who uses her pocket money only for nonsense, is not fit to be the mistress of a household, is not fit to control money, or to be the wife of either a rich or a poor man. The wise girl must stop right away in her career of ignorance. She must make up her mind to learn to know the value of money, its proper use and its wicked abuse. Prince Charming dreams of asking her to control a tiny cottage in which love and happiness may be found, but how can he when her clothes and her follies require more money than he would make in three years? A young woman can afford to dress simply. She is wronging herself when she impresses the men who are her friends with her ignorance of life and its duties. If she is left to live her life alone, never having the joy of being wife or mother, it is too often because the man who loved her knew that he did not have enough money to keep her as she wished, knew that, honestly, he could not afford to ask her to be his wife. Think it all over, my pretty butterfly; stop studying

Greek and go back to the multiplication table; give up the zither and take to pencil and paper. Learn the value of money. Having that knowledge, no matter whether you are a worker or an idler, you possess a great power. Whether your income is small or great you will be able to be both just and generous with it, and that is what I want my girls to be. It is only by caring for the pennies that you can control the dollars. For me, I am so proud of the American girl that I want her to do what is right, and this she never will do until she is brave enough to draw the strings of her purse against extravagance and sickly sentimentality, and to open it to justice and proper generosity.

HER SOCIAL POSITION

THE girl who works has a recognized social position, and she need no longer shrink, hesitate, stammer and blush when some one discovers that she earns her own living. The world has grown older, and the civilization of to-day recognizes and respects the working-girl. Society, at first a little surprised at its own action, now gives cheerful recognition to the woman who earns her own living, but it demands from her all that it does from any other woman — or perhaps it would be better to say that society demands from the girl who works exactly what it asks from the man who works: first, and most important of all, that her manners be good; second, and this is also of great importance, that she knows how to dress to suit not only the occasion and place, but her pocketbook. Society finds nothing attractive in the girl

who, earning her own living in a modest way, attempts to dress herself as elaborately as the wife of a millionaire.

WHAT SOCIETY DEMANDS FROM THE WORKERS

Then society demands of the girl who works that, like the man from a lawyer's office, like him from Wall Street, like the one in business, or the other one who is a teacher, she does not bring her work and her implements into it; that she does not discuss "what happened in the office" at a dinner-table; that playing a game is not interrupted by her opinion on bookkeeping, or that in the conversation after dinner she does not tell of the early hour that must find her at work. Society demands the result of the work, but not the history of the work itself. The well-mannered, well-dressed, tactful, agreeable girl is welcomed. That she is earning her own living is set down to her credit, but if she allows her conversation to drift to her work she will quickly be exiled from good society.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD SOCIETY.

The very best society is not composed of gilt and glitter. It is that circle of pleasant people who meet and visit because they are interested in each other. It asks of each member that she bring a pleasant personality if she wishes to be in and of it. The society recognized by the newspapers consists merely of a few people, who, having more money than the rest of the world, are able to make themselves more conspicuous, and so are kept constantly before the public. But all over this great country, in every city, town, or little village, there is to be found good society, and it rests with the working-girl herself whether she is in or out of it. If she has the bad taste to prefer noisy people, whose idea of enjoyment is roughness, whose conception of conversation is to talk scandal, and who really have no reason for existing, then this girl will not only injure herself by her contact with such society, but she will injure every other girl who works. People are prone to judge a great regiment by one member of

it. Therefore, it behooveth the girl who works to go into the best society or to find her pleasures in her own home.

THE GIRL WHO MADE HERSELF UNPOPULAR

Last summer I met two girls. The first one had not talked to me ten minutes before she told me where she was employed, what her salary was, how she hated to work, and then all through her vacation she took the position of an aggrieved girl—one whom the world had treated badly since it forced her to work. She looked with eyes of envy upon another girl just as busy a worker as she, but whose work happened to be in her own home, and, no matter what the conversation might be, always managed to bring in something about the slights shown to the girl who works in an office. These were imaginary. She looked for them. I am tempted to believe that she longed for them. When her neighbor preferred to read rather than to talk she took that as an affront; when a lady went for a walk with her little daughter without inviting her she never thought that the mother and child

might like to be alone together occasionally, but decided at once that she had been intentionally slighted. She made every one dislike her, and her departure for home was greeted with pleasure.

THE GIRL WHOM EVERY ONE LIKED.

The other girl was agreeable, quiet, and dignified; she entered into all the little pleasures that were gotten up in the house, never thrust herself forward, but occupied her place among the group of ladies, as was her right. There were times when she sought solitude and her book; there were other times when, having made pleasant acquaintances, she went for walks or drives with them. As invitations were extended to her for these little trips, so she gave them to others. And she passed her summer days without giving a thought, at least in words, to the work that she had left behind, and without thrusting before any one the fact that she earned her own living. Two of the ladies in the house knew it. Now understand me, she was not ashamed of it, but as she was not at her work she

failed to see any necessity for talking about it, and she knew that she would only bore people by recounting the worries of her every-day life to them. Society asks for a pleasant smile and an agreeable manner; it does not wish to be taken into any one's confidence, and it finds no girl more unpleasant than the one who takes it for granted that she is to be slighted when no slight is intended. Society is fair in its payments. It gives value for value received always.

WHEN SOCIETY ADOPTED THE WORKERS

Society is wise in its generation. It realized not long ago that there were innumerable charming women within its fold who could work, and who were ashamed to beg. Society could not afford to lose these women. Consequently it said: "We will approve the woman who works, provided she is a charming woman." You see, society makes the proviso. Now for a while it has been one of society's fads that this woman or that woman should do this work or that work, sometimes because she

needed the money; sometimes because she had the business instinct, and wished to increase and multiply the dollars she already possessed. And society smiled, and the working-women became many in number; and then people who did not understand, thought that this was a fancy that would soon die out. But it has not and it will not.

TWO MISTAKES THE WORKING-GIRL MAKES

In this ever-changing world of ours there will always be girls who must work, and society cannot afford to disapprove of them. But the girl who works is, at this very minute, making the same mistake that is too often made by the college girl: she is concluding that she is liked because she works; she has made up her mind that there is something fine in that she does work, and that, because she works and because of her work, she must be received. Here she is wrong. The working-girl has a position in good society because of herself. Her brother was not considered the most agreeable man at a dinner the other night because he was a good bookkeeper, but

because he was a bright man. And the girl who works must learn that her social success is attained because of her agreeable qualities, and not because she is a quick stenographer, an energetic business woman, a successful author, a good illustrator, or a clever saleswoman. Socially, her work is secondary. She makes a great mistake if she is ashamed of it, and a greater one still if she continually talks about it.

Beware of another mistake. Last night you had a charming time — you won the prize in some intellectual contest, and you think with pleasure how many clever people were there, and yet you won the prize! Write a letter home telling all about it; as soon as is convenient give the good news to your most intimate friend, but do not talk of your social success or your social life in the office. Your employer may listen to you because he is a polite man, and for that reason only; his eyes are wandering toward the neglected books or the waiting letters, and you chatter along heedless of duty. Perhaps you are reminded by word or manner of your work then; do not per-

mit yourself to be so undignified as to notice his lack of interest, but courteously ask to be excused, and never commit the same blunder again. Your employer is interested in your work. It is true that he would be sorry if you were ill or in trouble, but during business hours he is devoting himself to work, and he expects his employees to follow his example.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS IN HER HOME

Because you are made much of socially you are inclined to look with a disagreeable condescension upon the girl who has found her work very near to her—in her home. You think of your independence and her dependence; you forget that we all must depend more or less upon one another, and that no girl is dependent who does her share of work in her father's home. There are girls who, day in and day out, work to make the home the pleasant place that it is; there are girls who are busy, day in and day out, teaching the younger children music, or French, or whatever it may be, for which service just now it is not convenient

for the head of the household to pay; there are girls nursing invalid mothers or sisters, because trained nurses cannot be afforded, and each one of these girls is as surely earning her own living as are you. It is simply the difference in the work and the place. You are fortunate enough, so the world would say, to get money in exchange for your work, while these other girls can only expect gratitude, but your work is not one bit more important than theirs — indeed, there will always be a question as to whether a girl's work in her home is not the most important work of all.

SOME SERIOUS SOCIAL MISTAKES

The girl who works is, like every other girl, apt to make mistakes when she is out in society. Sometimes, in her anxiety to be agreeable, she talks too much and too loud, and is too eager to convince the world that she is having a good time. Then, again, from absolute shyness she will shut herself up in herself, hang back in a foolish way, and so while she is in society, she will yet not be of it. To be able to talk pleas-

antly in a quiet way, to be able to chat without indulging in personalities, and to be able to be one among all the others, is the art of society. My girl must strike the happy line between overconfidence and the absolute lack of confidence. A young girl is not supposed to be a leader; therefore, if she only comes in and enjoys herself after the fashion that has been arranged for her she will be doing exactly what society expects of her. She must get over this being afraid of the sound of her own voice.

A girl wrote to me recently: "Sometimes I think a girl's social success depends upon her being beautifully dressed and having delightful surroundings, and then I see my theory bowled over by a girl whose people are poor and who is almost in rags." This, of course, is an extreme statement, but it is a true one. The personality of the girl makes her position.

THE ERROR WHICH GIRLS ARE APT TO MAKE

The girl who works sometimes makes one social mistake that is deeply to be

regretted. She forgets the value of the woman in society, and caters only to the men. With a party of women she is dull, uninteresting, and impatient, but when the men appear she grows bright, witty, and attractive. Perhaps she does not stop to think, but she ought to. The girl who tries to please only the men will find, in a short time, that she no longer gets invitations to pleasant houses, while girls less attractive are invited everywhere.

The old French proverb, "Seek for the woman," — it was not meant in the sense in which I use it, — is good advice, for if you wish to be asked to pleasant houses, to have pleasant times, and to meet pleasant people, you must try to please the women. The power of men, socially, is limited; it is womankind who rules in society, and who decides whether or not such or such a girl shall be admitted. To the young girl the friendship of the matron is invaluable, therefore, and well worth the seeking.

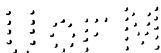
I have said that the social position of the working-girl is recognized. Now it is

with her to be a success in society or not. She is quick of wit, and she need make no mistakes if she notes what the older women do. She will be wise if she makes for herself a friend of some woman in society who is older than herself, and who is kind of heart. But she must not presume upon this kindness. The girl who works, like the girl whose duties are in her own home, must learn what tact means.

A well-mannered, tastefully-dressed, agreeable girl is a social delight. Beauty is not a social necessity, but a desirable personality is. Therefore, make yourself agreeable. Share your pleasures with your neighbor, and behold, when your neighbor has a joy you will be invited to divide it with her. Selfishness is a girl's social ruin. Tact, which is society's word for consideration and sympathy, is the art you must cultivate. And what is tact after all? It is saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right place. And that is nothing more than you are asked to do by the greatest of all Teachers, "the

doing unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Certain is it that the dictionary which is considered an authority on both sides of the water explains a virtue as "the human quality; goodness of heart; right conduct." Now every girl who has even a little social life desires, properly enough, to conduct herself in a right manner, and to be possessed of at least some of the social virtues. To my way of thinking these virtues are simply the knowing how to conduct one's self properly, the having acquaintance with the customs of the best society, and the best society all over the world is that which has for its foundation the consideration of other people and their happiness. Therefore, the wise girl, while she will train her mind so that she can be a good talker when that is necessary, will also cultivate the art of listening, so that she may give pleasure to those other people who enjoy talking. It is not a crime to be ignorant of the small virtues of society, but it is a mistake, yet a mistake that any American girl can correct if she will keep



her eyes open and ask questions. She must ask them, however, only of those whom she can trust, or whose duty it is to answer her.

WHEN YOU GO A-VISITING

If your visit is to be one of several days or weeks you must make your hostess, if she has not been wise enough to state it in her invitation, understand in your answer not only exactly what time you will arrive, but exactly the day and hour when you will leave, and you will show great wisdom if, no matter how much you are enjoying yourself, you refuse to prolong your visit. During your stay you must find everything pleasant that your hostess arranges for you. Ask no special service of a servant. Thank one for any kindness she does for you. You must neither expect nor ask that your laundry be done in the house, and you must take great care not to leave the dainty toilet-table or the pretty room in disorder. I saw a beautiful duchesse table entirely ruined by powder, perfume, and alcohol which had been spilled upon it,

not to mention the damage done by burns in the lace from the dangerous curling tongs. And this was because a girl was careless, and had not been taught, and did not realize that a lady was not a destroying animal. And after you return to your home you should write a letter to the lady you have been visiting, thanking her for all the kindness she has shown you, and sending your regards to the members of her household.

AT THE TABLE

The bright girl who is not quite sure that she is acquainted with all the social virtues, asks me if she must say "thank you" to a servant who offers her anything at the table. No, it is not necessary for the ordinary table service, but if a servant should pick up a napkin which you have dropped or restore a fallen fan, then a quiet, almost a whispered "thank you" is proper. She also asks about the management of some food, and here are a few general rules for her: Never bite food of any kind. Break your bread in small pieces; cut celery in

bits and then eat it from your fingers, and enjoy your cheese by cutting small pieces from the portion given to you, and, with the assistance of a knife, putting each on a bit of bread or toasted biscuit, and so conveying it to your mouth. Common usage has made it proper to eat corn from the cob. It is never a pretty sight, but it is done, and hence the action must be as delicate as possible. A wise hostess usually selects very small ears of corn for her table.

Strawberries, when served on their stems, are eaten from the fingers. An apple or a pear is pared, quartered, and then cut in bits which may be conveyed to the mouth either with the fingers or a fork, as one fancies. Peel a banana with a knife, and cut off the small pieces that you wish to eat, using either your fingers or fork in conveying them to your mouth. Learn to eat an egg from the shell. It can be done if one will take a little trouble, and breaking it into a glass and mixing it up is not a pleasant sight.

If you take your meals in a public dining-room wear a simple street dress, and, if you fancy, a hat. If you are going out



after dinner, and have to dine in a public dining-room, go there early enough to allow yourself plenty of time to make your toilette after dinner, but do not appear there in full evening dress and sit where any man, with the price of a dinner in his pocket, may appear and stare at you.

This sermon is all text and no comment. It is one that says, "This is done." And it means that one will be much more comfortable, socially, if one does as other people do, for then society itself runs on smoother wheels. To say the right words, to act in the right manner, makes one think aright, and it is a social crime to do that which is wrong. There is a vulgarism in words as well as in manners and actions. A much-laughed-about phrase that probably had an innocent rise is "my gentleman friend." I fear some nice girls do, thoughtlessly, use it. They forget that all their friends are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen. When you wish to speak of a friend use his name if possible; if not, say "a man friend of mine." Natural courtesy will teach you when to say "woman" or

“lady.” The wash-lady may have every instinct of gentility, but her position in life does not cause the world to recognize this, so she has no right to the title. By the by, remember that all slang is vulgar, no matter how piquant it may seem, and that, even if you are a leader socially, you cannot use an improper phrase and be forgiven. It was a great lady who was corrected by Beau Brummel when she asked him to come and take tea with her. “Madame,” he said with a bow, “I take a walk, you take a liberty, we drink tea.”

Little things? Yes, but a tiny thorn can make one's finger bleed, and a little lack of knowledge can make all social life uncomfortable.

WHEN SHE GOES TO CHURCH

MY girl is, I am always sure, a good one. But, sometimes, I fear that there are some ideas in her mind that are not quite straight. She is a little young to take up a serious question and consider it, and so she drifts along in her own way and does the best she can, and too often gets false impressions. A year or two ago she first knew, this dear girl of mine, that she wanted to dedicate her life to God, and so she publicly told of her allegiance and united herself to the church in which she had been educated, which she believed to be right, or which satisfied her best. At that time she was in a condition best described by a French word — *exaltée*. This means that, inspired with noble thoughts, her heart and soul were lifted up, and for a little while she gave no thought to the duties of life, but only to its beauties. She

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was entirely spiritual. Then came the day, such an unhappy one, when life in its barest aspect presented itself to her and she discovered that it meant work all the time, of one kind or another, and that to offer God beautiful thoughts and prayers was not enough.

For awhile her faith wavered, but as she was a good girl this was only for a little time. Still she had to learn that to be one of God's children her life in the church and her life in the world must be harmonious. What do I mean? Well, here is an instance. Do you suppose that it was pleasing to God, after she had lifted up her voice in song to praise Him, for her to find fault with another singer, lose her temper, and declare that "never again, unless things are better, will I sing in that choir"? This made the beautiful song worthless, and the angels in Heaven shuddered at its false notes when the singer's heart was laid bare to them. I know, like my girls, how this time came in my own life, and I thought I had been selected to live a beautiful spiritual life and nothing else. If I

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gave a thought to the other side it was only to be thankful that somebody else would have the more material part, but that to me would come the beautiful dreamlife of goodness that expressed itself in prayer, in lovely flowers, and in sweet words. So I know just how hard it is to waken and face the realities, but, my dear, they are there, and you have given nothing of any worth to God unless you offer up your every-day life, with its faults and its virtues, its failings and its successes. Do you remember these lines :

“I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke, and found that life was Duty.”

Now that is what you want to be, wide awake and eager to combine beauty and duty so that it makes a perfect harmony.

THE GIRL AT CHURCH

You pride yourself on your politeness. You count yourself a well-mannered girl and would be very indignant if you were told that you were lacking in ordinary politeness. When you are invited out you

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are careful not only to be prompt but to be considerate of your hostess. What consideration do you show God when you go to His house? Too often you come in late, seat yourself with a little noise, and do not hesitate to turn and twist until you feel that your skirt is arranged exactly right and you are quite comfortable. Then you give a sigh as you look at the preacher. He is one whose sermons you do not admire, so while he is trying to do his duty you coolly read your prayer-book or hymnal, or look around the congregation, and catching the eye of a friend, give a shrug of disgust. When the sermon is over you give vent to a sigh of thankfulness, and you never seem to realize that this bad behavior on your part is bad behavior not only to the clergyman, but to that God whose representative he is.

When the collection is taken up you look here and there and everywhere to see who is depositing a bank-note. Before the benediction is said you crane yourself like a bird with its plumage so that you will be ready to start out the very minute it is

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ended. I do not suppose you realize for a moment how dreadful this is. How it is giving an opportunity to an unbeliever to say, "What can these Christians think of their God when they are so impolite to Him?" Then you do something else. In your church the pews are rented. When you enter you close the door and give no poor sinner an opportunity to sit beside you, and yet, in the sight of God you are all alike, and before Him the rich and the poor stand together to be judged.

IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

You are either in a class or teach a class. Possibly you do the latter, and when you go home you say, "Oh, it is so nice having children who belong to good families; their manners are so polite and they think of all sorts of little things. One brings me a bouquet of flowers, and another got up a contribution at Easter, and the class gave me a lovely book. It is so pleasant having really nice children to teach." Well, my dear girl, I suppose it is. But sit down and think about it. Suppose, when Christ

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came to Jerusalem, He selected the "really nice" to teach. Where in His class would have been Peter, the fisherman? Would He have only spoken to Luke, who was a doctor? Would he have only given of His great gifts to those who could offer something to Him? My dear girl, in teaching God's word, it is not the "really nice" that you must seek out, but those who are hungry for help, those who are starved spiritually and who reach out and ask for bread. And you offer too often, because you want to keep your class "really nice," a stone.

Then, perhaps, you are not teaching; you are in the Bible class. With a shrug of your shoulders and an irritated expression you say to your mother, "I had to sit next to a horridly stupid girl; I don't know who she is, but I don't think she is in the same set that we are." "The same set!" Will that be the set to whom at the last day will be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servants, enter into the joys prepared for you"? Only God knows this. And the girl who seemed to you

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stupid, whose gown you described as common, and who had not the prestige of your "set," may have the great joy of being in God's set. I tell you you can afford to offend none, and if you are worthy of studying God's word you must extend to every one in the class the gentleness and consideration that the real gentlewoman, who is the perfect Christian, would not only show but live.

IN GOOD SOCIETY

There is a church in one of our large cities about which it is said that the pews are only occupied by people "in good society." When a pew is to be let, which happens very seldom, a large crowd collects, and the bidding, for a professional auctioneer attends to it, is very exciting; and rich men and women are most anxious to give their money to obtain a seat among the elect of this world. Sometimes I go there, and I wonder who it was that first started the idea that the church was a social ladder leading to companionship among the wealthy and the great. Do I

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believe that a rich woman can be a Christian? Most certainly. But I believe that it is more difficult for her to live the life approved by God than it is for the poorer woman. Her obligations are greater, and she must show more care in the giving of her alms and bestow more thought as to her appearance and conduct because she may be judged by even the least of these. Now I want my girl to remember that all the churches are God's houses; that it is not "my church," nor "your church," but God's church, and that when she is eager to go where all the people are in good society, she is too often electing for herself a position in the very poorest of society in the hereafter.

Not long ago I heard a woman say very brusquely: "The charity racket is played out; no woman can get into a set simply because she is on a hospital board with some howling swells." Of course, this speech was unkind but it reflected an honest spirit of indignation on the speaker's part, and I am human enough to hope that every woman who does a good deed simply

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because she hopes she will gain social position thereby will be dissappointed. Did Mary and Martha, when they ministered to the gentle Teacher, look forward to being high in Jewish society? Did Saint Paul, when he knew who was the true God, hope that socially he would gain by his work? Oh, my dear, it is all so poor and so mean when you do your duty with even a thought as to what the world will give you, or what the world will think. And I do not want you to be that kind of a girl. I want you to do right because it is right, not hoping for a reward.

It is pleasant to work among congenial people, but you can, if you will try, find the best in those who, just at first, did not seem quite what you like your friends to be. There are hidden jewels of great beauty in the soul, waiting, maybe, for you to discover and enjoy.

THE CHURCH COSTUME

It is most correct that a respect should be shown to God's house by one's appearance. But it must also be remembered

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that the church is not the proper place to display finery. Who among us has not seen a girl rustle in with her silk frock, devote much time to its arrangement, cause a commotion by the jingling of her numerous bangles, and contrive to fasten upon herself the eyes of the congregation as the plumes in her bonnet nod first this way and then that? Often this is done in ignorance of the right and wrong. Decency in apparel, quietness and cleanliness in appearance are the necessities for church-going. In the very large cities many women are following a very proper French fashion, which elects that ladies shall wear to church a quiet black stuff gown and a hat or bonnet not in the least conspicuous. There are other places for the silk frocks and plumes, and I beg of my girl, wherever she may be, to constitute herself a leader by wearing to service her simplest gowns, omitting all her jewelry and putting on a very modest hat.

A girl who is conscious of her clothes can never be interested either in sermon or prayer. Almost unconsciously, she will look around the church to see how the other

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girls are dressed, and in time her going to church will only be a couple of hours devoted to finding out all about the frocks possessed by her neighbors. Think this over and save your frills and frivols, which I do not say you ought not to have, for some other time than that hour or two on Sunday which should be dedicated to God.

THE MATERIAL LIFE

It must be lived out well. All the hymns, all the prayers, all the scripture readings are as nothing unless you make their beauty come into your daily life. Take some of the care off the shoulders of the busy mother; make life seem more pleasant by your gracious thought of that father who toils all day long. Make it easier for a sister to dislike the wrong and do the right; show a brother the rosy side of the cross and so make it lighter for him to carry. And do all this, not with loud protestations, but quietly and gently, letting God's name be whispered in your heart, and being only the sister and daughter without forcing the knowledge that you are the Christian.

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Then, very soon, some one will realize that your beautiful life is lived for Christ's sake, and then you will represent Him as all women should, not by speaking from the pulpit, not by giving commands, but by living every day the life that He would wish should be yours.

To you it may seem a bit difficult, and you may long to do great things, but if you dedicate all the littleness of life to Him you will be surprised to find that the great deeds are as nothing. Did you ever look closely at an India shawl? The curious pattern is formed of so many little pieces, all different in color, but all in harmony. Each is carefully sewed to the other with a bit of thread suited to both, and so it represents a life work. The tiny cares come, are borne bravely, fastened to those other burdens by the thread of belief, until, in the sight of God, so well is the life's work done, that what seemed a care becomes a beautiful virtue, and all go to make up the complete story of yourself: the harmony you introduced by your willingness to make the best of whatever comes, and so it is all

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lovely in the sight of Him who knows just how hard it is to live. I should like you to think about this, and to realize that the smallest burden, carried on willing shoulders and made the best of, becomes a great beauty in the sight of God.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

You see the trouble is with you, my dear girl, that you count little things as of no worth. Where we have one great renunciation to make, we have a thousand little ones, and life, which you are inclined to call commonplace, is not so, for every day can be made rich in beautiful deeds. God, who is just, is merciful, and when temptation comes to you, even if you fail, He remembers that you tried to do what was right, and so is tender in His thought of you. There is not one of us who achieves, even for one day, what we long to. But, my dear, we can always try for it. We can be ready for the trouble that is before us and equip ourselves by prayer and good thoughts so that we can meet it bravely, and, possibly, overcome it. Of course, that is what we

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wish to do, and yet if we are not strong enough, if we fall by the wayside, we must get up and try again, and keep on trying. That, in itself, will give us strength. And as the years go on and youth belongs to the past, it will always, because of this trying, be easier to do that which is right and merit "that peace which passeth all understanding." And when the day comes for our eyes to be closed to this world we can say :

"Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few
Thou wilt accept my sheaves."

IN HER TIME OF SORROW

ONLY a woman knows how sensitive is the heart of a girl; how easily it is hurt; how easily, by a careless word or an indifferent look, it may be made to feel so heavy that it becomes a veritable burden. There are few of us, remembering our girlhood, who do not know that suffering — intense suffering — is brought to a girl oftenest by those who love her best, and oftenest with no intention of wounding her. It is not always easy for a girl to be brave of heart. The world and its bitter experiences is like an unread book, and a girl can only become courageous, as men become heroic, through suffering.

THE ART OF MAKING OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY

Some supersensitive girls almost invite the pain from which they suffer so keenly. And the getting into this state of mind is

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one of which I would like all my girls to beware. Just at first you are sensitive to what seems an unkind word; in a little while you doubt even the kind word if the mode of expressing it does not seem as hearty as it should. And in a shorter time than seems possible, you busy yourself looking for the word that was never meant, for the tone that was never thought of, and for the neglect that was never intended. You have simply, my dear girl, gotten yourself into a morbid state, where the tears are quick to come. The heart is heavy, and you are a sorrow not only to yourself, but to every one around you. The antidote? It is a very practical one. Busy yourself in making other people happy. Relieve somebody else of some of the burdens of life. Work, and work so hard and so well that you will not have time to analyze all the talk that is going on, and being a help rather than a hindrance, you will find your heart growing light, the smiles coming oftener than the tears, and you, yourself, will be glad because you are of some use in the world.

That is the way to look at it. There are times when life seems a heavy load to carry, but remind yourself that God has put this burden upon you, and what you make of it, it will be. Whether a heavy load or a crown of glory, be sure that it is wisdom to lift it up gladly, bear it with a brave heart, and lay it down, as you can, if you will, triumphantly.

THE LITTLE WORRIES THAT TEST CHARACTER

To each one of us there come great sorrows and great joys. These are the events of life. The sorrow or the gladness surges over one, calls forth all of one's mental strength, is endured or enjoyed, and then is over. It is the little worries that, coming into your life, are going to make you either a woman of worth or a woman of worthlessness. Which are you going to be? Are you going to allow yourself to carry about with you a heavy heart because you think you have been injured? During the long day it is possible that the mother who loves you best has no time to say a

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loving word to you; her hours are filled with loving deeds. You come in from school, or from the pleasure that her self-denial has made possible; you approach her with a pleasant greeting. She may smile, but she is too busy to answer it in kind. You go away feeling yourself a much-abused creature. You count yourself misunderstood, and you almost doubt whether your mother loves you. Foolish girl! Think of all that your mother has done for you; think of the loving, tender words that were said to you when you were in real sorrow; when you wept because of a great disappointment, a disappointment that the rest of the world would have thought small, but which your mother understood, as only a mother can.

PUTTING YOURSELF OUT OF THE CIRCLE

You were with a party of friends — you were one in that group who did not know about the book which was being discussed, the strange country the others had visited, or the people of whom they talked. Gradually you drifted out of the conversation,

and slowly, but certainly, there came over you a sense of neglect. You were convinced that your presence was not desired. You were certain that nobody was interested in you. And you drew away from the rest and allowed your heart to grow heavy—for what? A little act of forgetfulness. And yet, how easy it would have been for you to have listened with interest to whatever was under discussion, and to have shown your appreciation of the topic by asking some questions concerning it. The time will come when you will be the one who is absorbing all the attention, and how will you like your friends to behave to you as you have behaved to them? Putting yourself in somebody's else place is a good antidote against the heaviness that comes when you allow yourself to think that you have been neglected.

You are busy in the workaday world trying not only to earn the bread and butter for yourself, but to give a helping hand to others. It may be that it is the little children at home; it may be that it is the mother whom you love; it may be any one

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of those who are loved and respected who need help, for whom you are working so faithfully.

WHEN HUNGERING FOR COMMENDATION

You are a brave girl, and you keep on doing right, but once in a while your heart grows as heavy as lead, and with a living sorrow. Everything that you do seems to be taken for granted. Every act of self-denial is only regarded as a duty that you should be glad to assume. And you would like, once in a while, to have a word of commendation. Such words mean more than people dream of to the girl like you, who is giving her life, day in and day out, for others. It is more than possible that those to whom you are so generous never dream of the praise for which your heart is hungry. They think that you know how well and how thoroughly they appreciate all that you do, and are quite conscious of all your unselfishness, although they may not seem to be mindful of it.

But after all, being only a girl, you would like the appreciation to be given to

you in spoken words. Not because you wish to have your good deeds whispered around the world, but when you are giving so much of yourself, the words of loving commendation, the kiss that would accompany them would be like a cup of cold water given to the thirsty traveller in the desert. You would be encouraged to work better, and to be even less selfish, and your heart would be made glad if you could feel that those for whom you work understood you and sympathized with every little pleasure and every little worry in your life.

KEEP ON DOING THAT WHICH IS RIGHT

But suppose the word of appreciation is never said to you ; suppose your life of self-denial is accepted merely as a duty — then what shall you do? It seems like cold comfort, but, my girl, you must try and be as brave as you can and keep on doing that which is right. The knowing that one is doing the best that one can for those who are helpless is, after all, a great reward. The knowledge that somebody else is a little warmer, has a little better food, or

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that a little child may go to school, or that a younger girl than yourself is being trained to help you — I tell you, my girl, it is fine, even if the word of commendation never comes in this world, to feel in your own heart that God approves. I never feel so proud of American girls as I do when I think that so many of them are working honestly and quietly to help those who are weak and helpless. And I do believe most sincerely that God, being merciful as well as just, will give them a reward here as well as hereafter. So if, in the office, at the desk, in the store, or wherever the working hours may be spent, you feel your heart a bit heavy, think over all that I have said, and let your heart grow light.

WHEN DEATH COMES TO YOUR HOME

To you whose heart is heavy, because death has entered your home, there seems to have come the greatest of all griefs. But, my friend, the grief of death is as nothing to the living grief. To think this may give you no consolation while the sorrow is fresh. But when your intense grief

has quieted a little try and remember how many other sorrows there are, and compare your own with them. Each girl to whom has come the loss of a loved one suffers in her own way. And I do not say to her, forget that one who is dead, and blot him out of your life. But I do say to her, think of him kindly and justly, for we are too prone to remember our dead in a foolish way: too prone to give them virtues which they never possessed, talents of which they had no knowledge, and in this way to make our very sorrow lack the dignity it should possess.

When some one has gone out of your life you have every right to grieve, but you have no right to let the sorrow for the dead so fill your life that those who live and love you are neglected. You have no right to make an idol of that one who is no longer with you, and to neglect and be chary of your love to those who are alive, and, like you, suffering. Death, when it comes, usually makes of a girl a woman; and it has long ago been realized that it is the duty of a woman to be the consoler.

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She must be the one who makes all life the better for her being in it, because, in the hour of great desolation, she must look forward to the future.

NO GRIEF MUST BECOME A BURDEN

In the household where the father has been taken away, too often there is the question staring you in the face of how to care for all the others. You have no right to sit down and nurse your heavy heart. No matter how weak your heart may feel, you must, by the grace of God, inoculate it with bravery, go out and face the world and do whatever seems to be your duty. To mourn and mourn for the dead becomes a sin. No girl has a right to make her grief a burden to the rest of the world. It is true that when this sorrow comes to you — this sorrow of death — a deep wound may be made in your heart. But, my friend, all wounds heal if they are properly treated. Ask the Great Physician to show you how to bear this sorrow which has come into your life.

FINDING STRENGTH AND SOLACE IN PRAYER

I have said nothing to you about prayer, because each one must do as her heart dictates. You may feel that you can throw all your grief aside, because God will help you, while another, less quick to realize that sorrows purify, that it is the sorrows of life that make us strong, will have to wait many hours, perhaps many days, before she can feel that God will help her, and that He has done that which was best for her. It is hard, — ah, my girl, I know it as well as you, — but when we can bring ourselves to see why we were made to suffer, then the time has come when we can thank God for our every grief.

FINE CLOTHES DO NOT COUNT FOR MUCH

Perhaps you feel that you look shabby. You have gone to make a visit to a friend's house in the country, and you find there a group of girls who are charmingly dressed. You are suddenly conscious that your hat is not of the newest shape. You

are certain that your gloves are not immaculate, and you feel overwhelmed with mortification because your gown has not the stylish air peculiar to the newest fashion. You let your heart grow heavy because you feel that you do not appear well, and yet, my dear girl, the world does not think so much of fine clothes as you imagine.

Be courageous, force yourself to be pleasant, and say the bright thing that comes to your lips. Give your friends credit for thinking more of what you know and what you are than of your personal appearance, and try your best to look with admiration at the pretty belongings of the other girls, while with your admiration there must not be a particle of envy. Hard? Of course it is hard. You are just as young, just as pretty, and just as attractive as your friends; but if fortune has given to them some good gifts that have not come to you, be sure that in this world everything is equalized, and comfort yourself by thinking that you possess something which these girls have not. Your shabby gown may represent some special self-denial that each

girl would be glad to make. Perhaps you are saving the money to help along the sister whose voice is to be trained, while that other girl whose frock is so fine is lonely in having no sister to whom she may dedicate her life.

MAKING YOUR LIFE ONE OF SELF-DENIAL

Remember that the mere outer shell is not everything. It is true that it is your duty to make yourself look as well as possible, but having done this duty, do not allow yourself to grow morbid because the casket is not as fine as the soul that it enshrines. Think what you have in life that is good. Think out what the future is to hold for you, and then you will forget these petty worries, and your heart will grow light, and the world will seem full of sunshine. To yourself make a jest of the much-worn frock and the old-fashioned hat, see the funny side of it, and remember that there is many a bright brain under a hat many seasons old, and that an old-fashioned bodice may cover a very happy heart. We all know what it is to be grieved

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about one's personal appearance. Every one of us has longed either for beauty of person or beauty of apparel, but if we can make the days brighter for others, and make our own lives full of self-denial, then, like that sweet flower, the mignonette, our qualities will surpass our charms.

Who ever enjoyed a piece of mignonette because of its appearance? It is a quiet, brown-looking little flower, never in fashion like the orchid, but sweet-smelling, fresh-looking, and a veritable joy, whether it be blooming in a big garden or standing in a glass on the table or desk in your room.

I meant this talk to be one that would suggest to you the virtue of a glad heart. I hoped it would be one that would help you understand how, when the heart is heavy, it may be made light. But I shall have done what I most of all wish if I can make any one of my girls believe that there is always a remedy for a heavy heart. It may be in work—it oftenest is. It may be in thinking out the joys that have been given to you, and the sorrows from which you have been saved. It may be in help-

ing others by sympathy, or in whatever way help is most needed. But the heavy heart can always be made light if self is forgotten, and the needs of others are remembered, and, as far as possible, relieved.

Not one of us can learn to become light-hearted in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year, for it is the lesson of life, this knowing how to lift our hearts up, and give from them help unto those who are in need. It is a good fight—this one against allowing one's self to be submerged in personal griefs—it is a good fight, and out of it you can come conqueror if you will.

Do you intend to give up the fight and fall by the wayside overcome by a heavy heart, or to go along through life as a brave woman should? You must decide this early in your life. And you will, I feel sure, decide to do that which is right, and then your heart will never be heavy, nor your conscience disturbed, unless you fall. And when you fall, thank God, you can always rise again if you keep up a brave heart.

A GIRL'S BEST READING

IT goes without saying that every girl, at some time in her life, reads some books. It is equally true that there are many, many girls who find their greatest pleasure in books, but who, alas! lack the fine art of choosing them, or the equally fine art of reading them. One of the greatest men in the world, as well as one of the greatest readers in the world, whose words of wisdom are always appreciated — I mean Mr. Gladstone — once said: "He who reads that in which he is not interested merely wastes his time," and this I believe to be true. The same great student, at the age of seventy-eight, studied Hindustanee, and invariably kept three books going — one a book to which he was giving absolute study, another a book of fine essays or some special specimen of good English, and another a novel — a veritable romance; and he flew

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from one to the other just as fancy led him, never losing the key to either one of the three, and being the gainer rather than the loser by his own method of enjoying books.

ONE OF THE ARTS OF READING

If a girl cares nothing for long accounts of scenery and only for the story itself, and happens to take up one of William Black's novels, she need not force herself to read that which does not interest her, but with the skill of a good reader she may skip the long descriptions of mountains and brooks, of hillside and meadow, and grasp only the story.

It is true that we read either to gain pleasure or with some special object in view. Now, the girl who has time to take up some special subject and work over it, storing her mind with this certain branch of knowledge, is assisted not only by the encyclopædias and various books of reference, but she must learn herself to choose the books most useful to her, though in any of the great public libraries there are invariably intelligent men who can greatly help

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the student unless she has some foolish feeling about asking. But she is not the girl to whom I am talking. The girl whom I have in my mind is the one who, whether she is busy in the workaday world or assists in her own home, has a certain amount of time during the day or in the evening to enjoy a book, and she expects, as she takes it up, to get real pleasure from it.

THE VALUE OF READING POETRY

A woman who has the reputation of talking well and yet who laughingly says that very learned books never interest her, credits her rapid flow of language entirely to the fact that as a girl she committed to memory a great deal of poetry.

There is some poetry which I would not care to have my girls read, but there is much poetry that is delightful, that makes one feel better for having read it, and which really does bring about a certain state of happiness and ideality that it is good for one to feel. Do you remember how your heart kept time with the ringing words of the pathetic story of "Baby

Belle"? Shall you ever forget the heartbeats that came to you, the proper indignation that was yours, and the sense of the reality of love that reached you, when body and mind seemed enveloped in "Aurora Leigh"? These times come to every girl who loves to read; who often does enjoy a thousand times more the cheap little edition that she possesses and which she can mark with a pencil than the finely bound uncut edition of the rich collector. I feel myself a girl again when I look at a little copy of "Aurora Leigh," marked and remarked by two pencils, though the hand of one — the hand that made the heaviest stroke — will never be raised in this world again. I believe in poetry for girls. I believe, my dear girl, every good poem you read is going to make better what would be called the ideal side of your nature, and is going to make you appreciate what is really melody in words. You all know the old books of poetry, and it seems to me that there is not much that is thoroughly good among the new except those written by the poet of our time, Rudyard Kipling. Perhaps you may

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not care for his enthusiastic description of the British soldier, but I believe it will arouse all the patriotism and respect in you when your lips say over and over the words of the great "Recessional," since the warning sounds as if it were from God Himself, "Lest we forget."

You can arrange a long list of the older poets in whom you will find pleasure. Naturally, begin with Shakespeare, and then come down, not very far, to the two Brownings, then to some parts of Byron, then to that unhappy boy, John Keats, then to Pope, then to some parts of Shelley, then to Tennyson, and, looking for the great souls right in our own home, you will meet and greet Aldrich, the gentle; Sidney Lanier, the musician; Poe, the mystic; and, best of all for every girl, Longfellow. There are many other great poets, but I do not want to make this talk about books merely a catalogue.

BOOKS WHICH ARE RICH WITH PEARLS

It was Rider Haggard who said that from even the trashiest novel some bit of knowl-

edge could be gained. But whether it is worth while going through the trashiest novel to find this pearl is something you must decide. I think that while now there are so many good books sold at cheap prices or to be obtained at free libraries, you can read good books rich with pearls for which no searching is required. You want to know a little of the history of this world, you are too busy to read everything about it, and so you wonder what you had better take up. You must limit yourself to a few books, because a busy girl should not read every night of her life. Therefore, begin with Sir John Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization," and after that take "Macaulay's History of England" and "Guizot's History of France." You wonder that I do not advise Carlyle! Why should you swallow so much bitterness even with the sweet truth? Then, having gained a good idea of the old countries, you come over and conquer the new one as you read Irving's "Conquest of Granada," Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and after that I think you will be helped more if,

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Instead of reading a great history of the United States, you take up a series of books entitled "American Commonwealths," that give direct information regarding each State. Naturally, as you read, other books will suggest themselves to you. The story of England will induce you to hunt all you can of the days of Henry VIII. or the gay, rollicking times of the Stuarts or the pitiful life of Mary, Queen of Scots; while the story of France will drive you almost with a mental whip, though you are a willing slave, to the romantic novels that tell of the time of Louis XIV., of the gay and sorrowful days of Marie Antoinette, of the story of that young man who worked for the Republic which grew so great that he made it an Empire, and yet, standing so high, he fell, greater in his fall than he had been in the days of his splendor. By the by, just here, thinking of one Napoleon you will want to know about another, so take up the series of talks on the Napoleons and their various relations that have been written by Imbert de Saint Amand. In these books you will

be told not only of the men, but of the women of the Bonaparte family, and you will learn the real story of the beautiful girl who, by her sweet face and charming manners, though lacking riches, won the heart and name of the Emperor of the French.

THE BOOKS WHICH TELL OF GREAT
PEOPLE

Perhaps, like me, you love best those books that are about people who have lived, loved, and, in most cases, have died. In this connection there are all the standard biographies to choose from, but in addition I want you to take some others. I want you to read "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" — the most recent one. It will teach you how a family of girls, living in the direst poverty amid the poorest surroundings, and in a country where the very ground and the trees spoke of poverty, yet made for themselves an ideal world, and cultivated their imaginations so that books that live forever were the children of their brains. Then take up the story of another girl who, up

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to the time of her death, joyed in giving pleasure to girls and found great happiness in mothering some boys who had been left motherless. Read the life of Louisa M. Alcott by her friend Ednah P. Cheney. Then, to know what women were like seventy years ago, learn of the life of Frances Power Cobb as told by herself. Take the letters of that unhappy woman, Mrs. Carlyle; or read, learn, and inwardly digest the folly of morbidness as shown in the life of Marie Bashkirtseff.

If it interests you to know how a son can love his mother, or to know something of one of a trio of beautiful and witty women, the three lovely Sheridans, ask in the library for "The Songs, Poems and Verses, with a Memoir, of Lady Helen Dufferin," by her son, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

You want to know about Thackeray, you long to know about Dickens, or whoever may be your favorite poet or novelist; there comes a desire to you to understand how each lived and wrote, whether, like Shelley, he walked through the streets of

London poring over a book, jostling the passing crowd and being jostled by it, or whether, like many another, his poems came from his heart and he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for human daws to peck at. You must read the life of that most genial man, Robert Louis Stevenson, and when the large book of his letters is published by his special friend, Sydney Colvin, do not allow yourself to forget about it. Learn all that is possible about books and people from that most cheery of writers and poets, Oliver Wendell Homes.

BOOKS THAT DELINEATE TYPES

You will never make a mistake in reading any or all of the books written by Mrs. Whitney, and if you love to have with your story something that tells of the different types of people through the country, then take up the stories in which Mary E. Wilkins delineates New England life.

The books of Maria Louise Pool show New England life in its thrift and Southern life in its thriftlessness, while for stories among those mountains where people know

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nothing of the outside world, many of them never having seen a steam engine, select the novels of Charles Egbert Craddock. For an absolute contrast pick up "Cranford," the best picture of quiet life in old England that was ever drawn, and surely it was by a pencil that understood the art of shading, for it was held in the hand of Mrs. Gaskell.

It may be you do not care for the dialect novel, but whether you do or whether you do not you will read "The Little Minister," by Barrie, with greater enthusiasm than any Scotch girl would display.

Written on your ticket, as you hand it up to the smiling librarian, is the name of "Marion Crawford," and you take the latest of his books — those that tell of family life in Italy, those that picture in the very best English the real truth about Italy.

Close by your hand is a book with an odd title, "The Dreamers of the Ghetto," by Israel Zangwill. Then you remember "The Children of the Ghetto" and "The Tragedies of the Ghetto," and you pay a few pennies extra to take out this new book,

feeling that the opportunity to possess it may not happen soon again. In it, my friend, is a sketch of that greatest of dreamers—and yet that most practical of men, since he made a Queen an Empress—a sketch of Benjamin Disraeli, that will make you wonder where the writer gained his descriptive powers and how he could so easily read the heart of the man.

There are many other good books,—the novels of Anthony Hope, for instance,—and I should like you to read “A Chance Acquaintance” and “Their Wedding Journey,” by William Dean Howells.

There are all the books of the “Duchess,” who, while she may have been a little enthusiastic over fashionable society, was always clean and sweet in her words and works, so that they can well be marked “good.”

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOL

Dickens and Thackeray, Balzac and Bulwer-Lytton, belong to the old school, but if you, remember the desirable things to possess are “old books to read, old

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wood to burn, and old friends to be joyous with," you will return to them again and again.

Then, to please me, read "Social Life in old Virginia," by Thomas Nelson Page; you will find yourself way back in the time when we just ceased being colonies and were an ambitious, though not a great Republic. Every girl who has read the story of "John Halifax" will be better for it.

During these autumn days, when you are too busy to enjoy a long story, read one of the many books of short stories that have lately been published and which are taken from every nation, the best story of each writer being chosen and carefully translated. There are many of these books, and whether you want to read what the great men of Germany, France, Italy, or of Russia have written, you can get the book and find in it many charming tales, while the price demanded for it is little.

Some day when you have made up your mind that some other day you will travel, go to the library and ask for a book called "The Great Streets of the World." It will

tell you of the jostling of Broadway and Piccadilly, the beauty of the Boulevards of Paris and Unter den Linden in Berlin, and the wonder of the streets in the older and stranger cities; then when you close your book and your eyes you will have been so pleased and so impressed that that night you will dream you are promenading on the finest street in St. Petersburg with the Czar as your escort!

THE BOOKS IT IS WELL TO LEAVE UNREAD

The books that idealize vice, the books that make the wicked triumphant and show crime as a power, are the books that leave a nasty taste in your mouth and make you feel as if you would like a dose of mental calomel; it is well to leave such books alone.

But a good novel! Is there anything equal to it? Think of the story of "Henry Esmond;" think of the pleasures and joys that came to him, and then, sympathizing with him in his disappointments, being proud of him in his successes, following his fortunes into this new land, you will go

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among the Virginians and there read how he was loved and respected. Or choose the "Tale of Two Cities" and learn how one man can give his life for another because he loved much. Do you good? Such books can do nothing else. No really good novel ever induced a girl or a woman to imitate vice or to despise virtue. The novel is the printed panorama of life, and the tears, the smiles, and the heart-beats that we, the readers, give to it. It makes the music that now is almost still, again is wild and weird like that of Hungary, and again has all the majesty of one of Mozart's masses. If you want to enjoy yourself, if you want to make life seem better and happier, lose your own personality in a good book. Like the preacher of old, "I speak whereof I know."

WHEN VACATION COMES

THE girl behind the counter, the girl who sits at a desk, the girl whose busy fingers make beautiful bonnets and gowns for other girls to wear, the girl who hears the click of the typewriter all the day long, the girl who, living the right life, doing her work conscientiously, is called the working-girl, — is a brave girl, to whom I feel very near. When the summer days are at their longest and the sun begins to shine fiercely, she gets her vacation. Sometimes, more's the pity, the days of rest are very few. Sometimes, and this is oftenest, she has for rest and enjoyment two whole weeks. Now, I like to think that, during that two weeks, she gets much happiness and much real rest. This she can only do if she has planned her outing, knows exactly how much money she can spend, where she will be and what she will require. It

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may be that the vacation is a going home. It may be that the vacation is boarding either in the country or at the seaside. Wherever it is I hope she will be wise enough to choose to have an absolute change of air, food, and people, for it is only in this way that mind and body alike will have rest and refreshment.

ABOUT HER ARRANGEMENTS

First of all, there are her clothes. Being a pretty girl she likes to look well, and I like to have her possess this desire, but I do not like to have her put all her money in one elaborate frock, and be unfitted, as far as dress is concerned, for any other time except the evening. The chiffon gown is unsuitable to the girl that I have in mind. Asking for my advice, I say to her, have two or three pretty cotton frocks for your outing, one a sheer thin batiste, which need not cost over twelve and a half cents a yard, but which can be made up with some cheap ribbons to look as dainty and pretty as possible, quite elaborate enough for any summer evening entertainment. Let the

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other two cottons be a little thicker, and wear them in the morning, and be sure you will always feel fresh and will look properly dressed for the hour and the place. The wool skirt which you have already, will, with a cotton blouse, constitute your travelling dress, for you will not require a jacket, nor a sleeper get-up, since your time on the train will not be very long. Freshen up your shoes, see that the underwear that goes with you is in good condition, if possible get one new pair of gloves, and having attended to all these things there will be nothing but pleasure waiting for you during your holiday trip.

THE PLACE ITSELF

You who are not going home will be wise in choosing a quiet country village for your resting-place, inasmuch as the more fashionable places would absorb all your money for board, and you would be thrown among people living a different life from your own, and there would always be the fear that seeing so much of those who know nothing of the workaday world you might grow dis-

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contented. I like to think of your being in a pleasant little town, close enough to the country for agreeable drives and long strolls, and yet where you will meet nice girls and their friends, have a glimpse of their lives, and when the time is over go back with a fresh determination to succeed in whatever you do, and always to hope that these summer days will be repeated.

Do not let anybody persuade you to go to another city, for if you do you will simply loll away your days in the house and only be able to go out when the sun has gone down. What you need is to be out in the open air, and to rest after the fashion that pleases you best. It may be that you have decided to read a couple of books. Then you would put on your light cotton gown, fix a shady corner for yourself, and enjoy your story. It may be that your rest will come by being among other girls and hearing of their lives, listening to them to the accompaniment of your needle as it flies through the fancy-work that at other times you can only do at night. But you must not sew too much. Indeed, I would rather

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you did not sew any at all, but, instead, follow up a croquet or tennis ball and grow healthily warm in your determination to control it. Let your whole body grow new and strong through this delightful exercise, half play, half work.

WHAT TO FORGET

You must forget all about your work. That is good for you. You have a false little pride, too often, of wanting to thrust in the face of a stranger the fact that you are a working-girl. Now, what you are is nobody's business, and when you meet a pleasant woman and have a little chat with her, which, for all you know, may end there, there is no excuse for tossing your head back and saying in a half-scornful, half-proud tone, "Oh, well, I am a working-girl." She did not ask you what you were; she simply began to talk to you pleasantly, and all that it was necessary for you to be, as far as the new acquaintance was concerned, was agreeable in return. Of course, if you get to know people very well there is wisdom in saying a little something about

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your life, but usually the people who have brought you together have spoken of you. I want you to sleep a little later in the morning, forget what your breakfast used to be, and, as far as possible, eat the good country food and avoid those dishes that you get all the year round. And, my dear, try to forget the worries of life. Really and truly, I believe what I want you to be during the vacation is a proper little butterfly dancing from one pleasure to another. But remember the butterfly takes the perfume of the roses and not that of the poisonous plants. And so you must choose the right pleasures. Do not tire yourself out with joy, so that you will go back to town longing for sleep and unfitted for work. Go to bed as Cinderella did, before the clock strikes twelve, and cultivate your beauty sleep.

THE DRIVES AND THE WALKS

Dame Etiquette, who is counted by many of the girls as a severe old lady, is a thoughtful one, and though certain laws prevail in certain places, I wish occasionally



you would remember her dictates. I know there are hundreds of good girls who go out to drive with young men alone, but I do not like it. And I think you would not make any enemies if, when you were asked to go and see the famous falls eight miles away, you suggested that some other girls and some other young men be asked, and that all go together. Then among the girls could be arranged a nice luncheon basket; you could have a little picnic, and it would be more unselfish and you would have just as good a time as if you went off with one young man, and possibly, though it would all be as innocent as possible, gave rise to some unpleasant words.

The girl in the village who becomes your friend has heard of the big city, and has an idea — a false one — that even nice girls there do little things that she would think very awful. Usually her information is gleaned from letters in the newspapers, written by people who know nothing of good society but who must fill the column of space accorded them. Now, do not you permit yourself to do anything that is not

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refined simply because something different is expected from the city girl. The last new slang does not sit well on a girl's lips, even if it is laughed at. A stride, a swagger, an air of independence, are a little fast and do not make you attractive; instead, only an object of curiosity. By being your own refined self it may take you a little longer to make new friends, but you can be very certain that the friends will be better worth having.

By the by, do not make the mistake of buying cheap jewelry to wear in the country. It is never in good taste, and with the green grass and the blue skies for a background it looks positively brassy and makes you appear vulgar. Avoid all pretence. Do not permit yourself to be mean enough to say you know people who are only familiar to you by name, or that you go to houses of which you have only read.

Your country friend surprises you by her willingness to play games, and sometimes to indulge in rough pleasures that are strange to you. Here is your opportunity

to do good in a pleasant way. Make her understand how odd it seems to you that she, who is devoted to Prince Charming, who expects to marry him in the early autumn, should, at a picnic, permit herself to be kissed by the young man fleet-footed enough to catch her as he ran from out of the rope. Ask her if she has any idea as to her appearance after this romp: her hair disarranged, her face flushed, her hat way back on her head, struggling in this man's arms against the kiss awarded him in the game. It is not nice. Decline to play such games, but decline politely.

THE LISTLESS GIRL

She is the one who announces that she is going to loaf all the time, and she does it. She sleeps extremely late in the morning, and when she does get up, troubles herself very little about her appearance, lolls around listlessly during the day, has no interest in anything, and is tired all the time. Now this girl's vacation will do her no good. She will go back to town as tired

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as she left, unless, indeed, she is an ill girl, and this is not often the case. What the business girl wants is something to do, but something quite different from that which occupies her at other times. She wants to be busy, not lazy, but busy in having a good time, and a good time means rest. I like to think of her as fishing, rowing, walking and enjoying herself in the open air in every possible way.

Then, too, I want her to take care of her money. She pays her board, and, very properly, gives to a servant who has rendered her any assistance, a little present. She pays her share in any pleasure that is to cost each one a stated sum, but she must think out the pleasures she can afford and not permit herself to go back to town in debt, having to send money either to the people with whom she had been boarding, or to some one from whom she had borrowed it. The girl who assumes the burden of debt for the sake of pleasure will have no real vacation, for she will be worried during the several months that will have to pass before her accounts are square. During all

that time she will have to think how she can spare a portion of the money she owes from her small salary, and this constant fret will make her conclude that next year she will take no vacation. However, the wise girl will calculate exactly what she can spend and not go beyond it. And she will be the one who will gain most pleasure because she will have the courage to say "no" when she cannot afford to say "yes." It is true a little courage is required to say the right thing, but each time it is done it becomes easier, and after awhile it is no trouble at all.

THE STRANGE YOUNG MAN

He is attracted by you because you are bright and quick and different from the other girls, and he does everything in his power to make you have a pleasant time. It is possible that he says some words that sound as if he had more than a mere liking for you, but I do not want you to let that affectionate heart of yours go out to the strange young man whose interest in you may disappear as does the train which

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carries you back to every-day life. It is more than possible that he is attracted to you, but if he is, and if he thinks that you are the girl made especially for him, be sure that he will manage to see you after you have gone away, and that in time he will tell you just how much he cares for you. These lovely summer nights, when the air is full of perfume, when the moon is like a great, glowing globe of silver light, and you and the strange young man are taking a little walk, all the sentiment in you is awakened, and he says words that he never thought of saying, and you listened with delight. Listen if you will, but do not always heed.

A WORD OF ADVICE

It is about the home-coming. The pleasure-time is over and you must not follow it with regrets. Tell about it if you will, but not during the working hours. Your employer did not give you a vacation that you might waste your time afterward gossiping about it with the other employees. Severe? Well, it is not meant to be so, and I do not

believe the conscientious girl will think it so. You have brought home with you little souvenirs of the pleasant hours, and during the long winter days they make you live over the happy vacation times. Then, too, if your friends of the summer should come to town there will be the pleasure of renewing their acquaintanceship, and as a hospitable girl you will long to give them some of the city's pleasures. Make them understand that this cannot be done during your working hours, and placing yourself in this way in an honest position you can be agreeable to your friends and yet not suffer from a single twinge of conscience.

You get blue, possibly, for the pleasantness seems so far away, and you are a bit tired. When this feeling comes do not count the days until your next vacation, but the seasons. For no matter how black everything may seem, no matter how long the days are and how hard the work, good times are bound to come, and that is what I want you to think. Then the skies will seem brighter, the days shorter and the work easier. Just learn to say

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over this little verse — I believe it will
help you : —

“ There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black, or the midday blue ;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere ;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.”

HER EVENING ENJOYMENT

IN the pleasant little town from which you came everybody knew everybody else, and during the long summer evenings, or the cold yet cheery winter ones, you walked with this girl and visited that girl, went to the little entertainments given, or enjoyed a concert or lecture when it came to town. But you made up your mind that the little town was not large enough for you. The delights of a great city spread themselves before you, and you thought that earning money there was a something very easy, while enjoying one's self was a something that never ended. You remembered the few days when you visited there — the pleasant little entertainment that your hostess gave in your honor — and you thought that all life in the great city must be a repetition of these pleasures; yet

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now that you are there everything seems different.

Now you are earning twice the income that would have been possible in the small town, but you sit alone in the hall room of your boarding-house and wonder when you will be sleepy enough to go to bed, when the evening will be over, and if there is anything pleasant in the life of the business girl.

THE REASONS FOR YOUR LONELINESS

It seems to you that the few people with whom you are acquainted do not trouble themselves about you, although you notified each one of them of your coming. The truth is, that they fully intended to make a few hours of your life pleasant, but each one had her own large circle of acquaintances, in which, with your lack of knowledge of the world's ways, you did not seem to fit, and so you were forgotten. At your business place you hear the other girls talk about going out, and about the good times they have. Once you did have a pleasant time when you were invited by one of your

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companions, who lived out of town, to come out while the apple blossoms were in bloom and spend Sunday with her, and yet, though she was most kindly, it made you remember home and its joys so plainly that you were not so agreeable a companion as you might have been. You did not explain the reason, and so you have not been asked to repeat the visit.

You wonder if all your life is going to be spent in this lonely way. You wonder if there would be any harm in going down into the boarding-house parlor and listening to the pleasant music, the muffled sound of which comes up the staircase. I wish you would go down and, once having reached the room in which the young members of the house have assembled, be pleasant to all.

A GOOD WAY TO SELECT YOUR FRIENDS

In the large city you soon begin to wonder how you will ever get to know anybody, or whether you will be solitary all your life. Turn your thoughts back to the time in the early autumn when the apples were gath-

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ered. Do you remember how they were gone over, and those that were rich in color, sweet of perfume, and graceful of form in their healthiness were chosen as the best and kept for some special purpose. You must pick out your friends as you did the apples, choosing to have those which are not only agreeable, not only pleasant, but the ones which are warranted to keep.

The first girl to whom you have taken a fancy is eager to have you join the club to which she belongs. She tells you of the pleasant hours spent there, of the interesting classes, of the nice girls that one may meet there, and of the pleasant women who manage it. The membership fee is a small one, and, thinking of your lonely evenings, you join the club. Now understand, I do not object, — in fact, I approve of the average club arranged for and by busy girls, — but too often the business girl allows the club to become the one idea of her life, and where she had expected to broaden she grows narrower.

In every club there are a few strong minds that seem to control all the others;

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they make opinions, and in such a way that the contradiction of them seems an impossibility. You know the type of girl I mean: the one who reads a paper in which there is never a doubt expressed, but in which there is a positive assertion that the writer knows everything, and consequently is right. I hope that if you do join the club you will spend more of your time talking to other pleasant girls, chatting about light, agreeable topics, or, if you please, talking in a conversational manner about some great question of the day, rather than joining a class for which papers must be prepared and in which discussions are rampant. After a busy day you are in no condition to write papers, or even to discuss them.

SOME PLEASURES WHICH WILL COME TO YOU

Gradually, as you gain friends, the law of hospitality will govern first one and then another, and, having been found pleasant, you will be asked to visit at the home of each. Perhaps one of these girls may have a real home, where, after her day's work,

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she is met by a kind mother and greeted by the children, and though they live in what to your country-bred eyes seems a small space, still, to the city girl it counts as a large one, which is made by willing hands and loving hearts into a home. The other girl, like you, lives in the hall room of a boarding-house, and yet, on your arrival, you find two or three other pleasant girls there, and everybody is in the midst of a game. The bed is evidently a closed one, for none is in sight, while on a fancy table is a brass kettle, which, later, sings merrily as it boils the water for a pot of chocolate, a dish of little cakes, and some pretty little cups and saucers. You all have a jolly evening. The next day, talking it over with your hostess of the night before, you find out how a few cents saved from this and a few cents from that has paid for the pretty belongings; how little the chocolate costs; and how the pretty cups and saucers have been picked up as bargains. A good example being contagious, you begin to think how you will arrange to entertain; then you remember there are some unused,

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old-fashioned cups that you are sure would be sent to you from home, that will not only attract by their prettiness, but will have a special charm to you, at least, because of their association.

THE AMUSEMENTS WHICH YOU MAY HAVE

One night the girl who walked home with you — for she lived near you — asked if you would not like to join two or three of them and go to the opera the next night. Your eyes grew enormously large and you stared at her in amazement. “Go to the opera!” Why, the seats alone cost five dollars, and then you have to be finely dressed, and have a carriage, and how could you do that? Your companion laughed and laughed again as you told her your reasons for declining, and then said, “Of course, I do not want to ask you to go, if you have not saved a little amusement money, but we girls lay aside so much each week — sometimes saving it, sometimes feeling that we can put it in our amusement fund — and with it we are able to hear the best music, to see the best plays, and to go to any

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exhibition of pictures. At the opera we do not occupy five-dollar seats. Instead, we go early, pay the lowest price that is asked, and sit up nearly to the skies; but we hear the music and see the play, as well as all the lovely women. Two or three of us, who are real music lovers, would gladly give up a new gown any time for the sake of this pleasure which we take so simply. If you feel that you would be ashamed to sit up among the quietly dressed people, among the real music lovers, then do not accept my invitation." Here she put her hand on your shoulder and added, "If seeing magnificent jewels will make you envious you will have to give up many pleasures."

You promise to let her know the next day, and an examination of your pocket-book proved that the amusement was possible. When the time came you were waiting for your friend, neatly dressed and eager to see and hear all the wonders of the musical story. Next day you wrote home a long letter, telling of your delightful evening and how the lady sitting near you had loaned you her libretto and her opera-glasses.

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WHEN YOU MAY GO TO THE THEATRE

Two weeks later your friend asked you if you would like to go to the theatre and hear a famous play, one written by the hand of that William Shakespeare whose name will never be forgotten. You have always felt that going to the theatre was wrong. So it is when it caters to what is vicious, when it pictures vice as beautiful, and goodness and honesty as worth nothing; but I do not believe, provided you do not allow your liking for the theatre to control you, that the listening to a play like that wonderful story of "The Merchant of Venice," with its beautiful lines; that quaint, tender, and weird story of "Rip Van Winkle," with its repentant sinner, or that latter-day romance of "The Little Minister," will do anything but waken that which is best in you.

I do not believe the most sensitive girl can be made anything except good by such plays, while the best girl is made better, because she hears the tribute given to goodness. But if that wise mentor of yours, your conscience, tells you to stay away

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from the theatre, do it, because we must decide for ourselves, and what is right for one may be wrong for another.

AN INVITATION WHICH YOU MAY ACCEPT

At the club to which you belong there is a dancing-class, and twenty or thirty girls have learned to make their feet keep time to the gay, bright music, and you who seem to find in music your greatest delight have had more real pleasure out of the dancing-class than anything else connected with the club. One day you find among your letters a little invitation to a dance to be given by a girl who, like you, is in business, but who lives away in the upper part of the town in an old-fashioned house, and is only one of a large family that makes the keeping of the old home a possibility. The invitation is to a dance, and the courtesy of an answer is requested. You know you must accept or decline as soon as possible, and for a little while you wonder what you ought to do. At home there was seldom much dancing at the little entertainments given, but long before you left you had

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stopped going to these parties, because you could not believe there was anything refined in rough games, or in those that had for their chief attraction something in the way of a kissing contest.

WHEN YOU MUST LET YOUR CONSCIENCE DECIDE

But right here you must be guided by the little mentor, Conscience; for, if you think dancing a sin, it becomes one for you to indulge in it. But if you accept the invitation you will probably find everybody pleasant and agreeable, and if by chance there are not as many young men as there are girls present, you will have a merry time as a ribbon is tied on your arm and you are asked to act as a gentleman to fill up the set.

Now, my dear girl, while I do not disapprove of a simple dance in a real home, I must advise you never to go to a public ball. I mean one where Tom, Dick and Harry can buy tickets, and where one may meet both men and women whose acquaintance is most undesirable.

There should be some quiet evenings at

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home, too, for, although as a girl you have a right to the pleasures of life, there must be one or two evenings in a week devoted to thinking how you may improve yourself so that you will be of more value to your employer, and how, by reading and by listening to good speakers, you may become a more intelligent woman. Think out some of the pleasures of life and partake of them joyously, because, if you have nothing in life but business and solitude, you will amount to little in either the business or social world. A girl needs pleasure as a flower does sunshine; but there are days when the sun seems to shine, though in a dull, heavy way, when the air seems weighted with an unpleasant mist which makes roses droop. The overpowering heat is too much for them. So it is with a girl who thinks of nothing but her pleasure.

WHAT THESE INNOCENT PLEASURES MEAN TO YOU

Your evening of enjoyment means much to you because, for a while, business and its cares are forgotten, and in the morning

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you are clearer of brain and can better battle with the problem that, last evening, when you were tired out, seemed absolutely incomprehensible. But the evening of pleasure indulged in too often will bring you to the office tired and worn out, and unable to do your work properly. Therefore remember, my dear girl, that it is the use, and not the abuse, of pleasure which will make your life happy, your work a delight, and your employer satisfied with you.

Too many of our so-called good people, desire to make the world, especially the world of young girls, a dismal, dreary one, in which there is no enjoyment, and where all life is work and work, with nothing to lighten the burden. It is not strange that girls who are forced to live such lives grow to be deceitful, or in time break the bonds by which they are confined and lead lives where pleasure is abused. But this dear, busy girl of mine, working away all the day long, with a thought of helping somebody else, can have her evenings of enjoyment; and knowing what real enjoyment is, she

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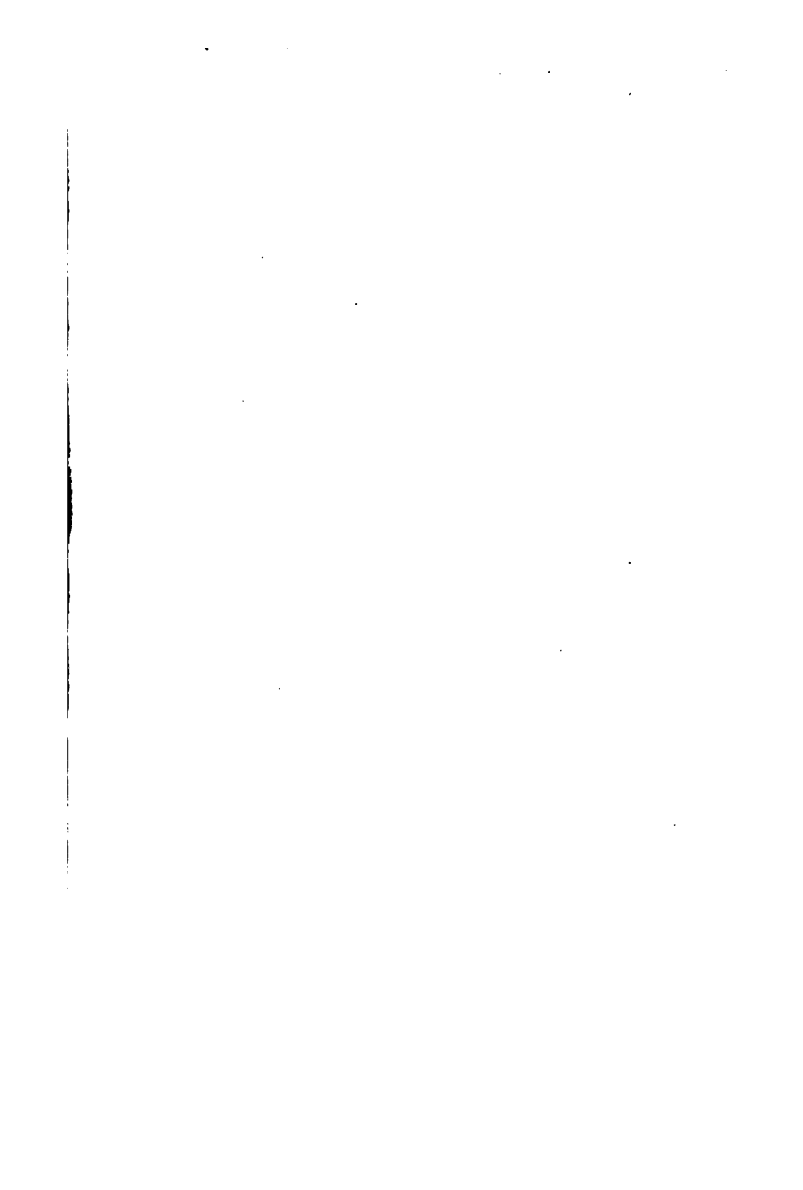
will not have a single pang of conscience, for, just as soon as that wise little mentor speaks, she knows it is time to stop and listen. As long as you listen and are advised by him you need not fear that you will go in the wrong way. The minute that you realize that any pleasure is making you uncharitable or envious you must stop, and stop quickly.

USE, BUT DO NOT ABUSE, YOUR OPPORTUNITIES

For mental and physical reasons there may be pleasures that, while they are meat to your neighbor, are poison to you. Avoid all such pleasures. Do not allow yourself to think over them, and then you will not long for them. Remember that the best part of every pleasure is the giving of enjoyment to somebody else. At the opera, between the music, be glad that you have the opportunity of looking at the wonderful costumes and the beautiful jewels, but laugh to yourself as you wonder what on earth you would do if you had to take care of them. The woman who owns them can get

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no more pleasure out of them than you, for she can only look at them, and that is your privilege also. Envy kills pleasure, while consideration increases it twofold. She who has malice and envy at her heart can never know an hour of true enjoyment.



1. 1st

2. 2nd

3. 3rd

